

July 2018

# Long Live, Love Live America

Jeremiah Eames Rankin

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Rankin, Jeremiah Eames, "Long Live, Love Live America" (2018). *The Writings of Jeremiah Rankin*. 10.  
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M378 Rankin, Jeremiah Eames  
R16Lo Long live, long live  
America.

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DUPLICATES



# Long Live, Long Live America!

Dedicated to the Nation's Defenders.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. H. PONTIUS.

*Maestoso.*

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 From city streets, from forest trees;  
 And when rings out toil's bell at noon,  
 Thy heart with joy is all in tune;  
 It thrills thine ev'ry vital chord,  
 For labor here has sure reward.

6 From land on land, whate'er their birth,  
 Men flock to thee o'er all the earth;  
 With ev'ry breeze, on ev'ry wave,  
 They winds confront, they tempests brave;  
 No perils do their hearts appall,  
 For thou art mother to them all.

7 Thou art the youngest sister yet;  
 To older nations vast thy debt;  
 Art come to empire, grand and great,  
 Art heiress of Time's last estate;  
 For thee, the martyrs have turned pale,  
 And heroes have been hacked in mail.

8 America, so proud and free,  
 I give my song, my heart to thee!  
 Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly  
 In every clime, 'neath every sky;  
 Still rise a yeoman race, to stand  
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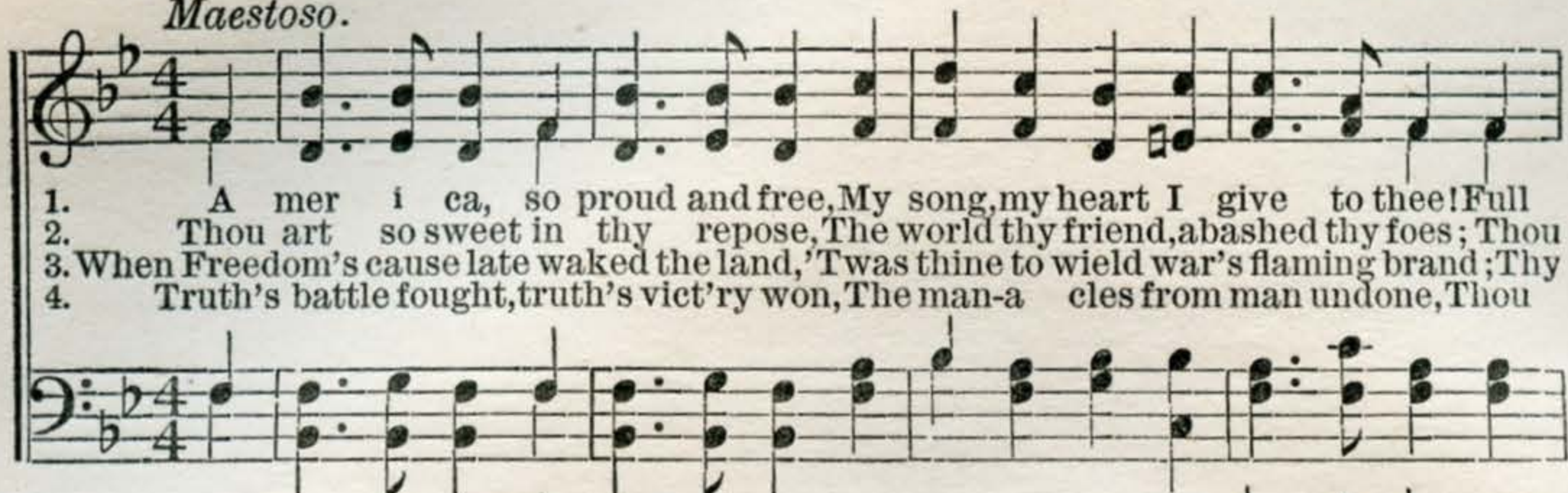
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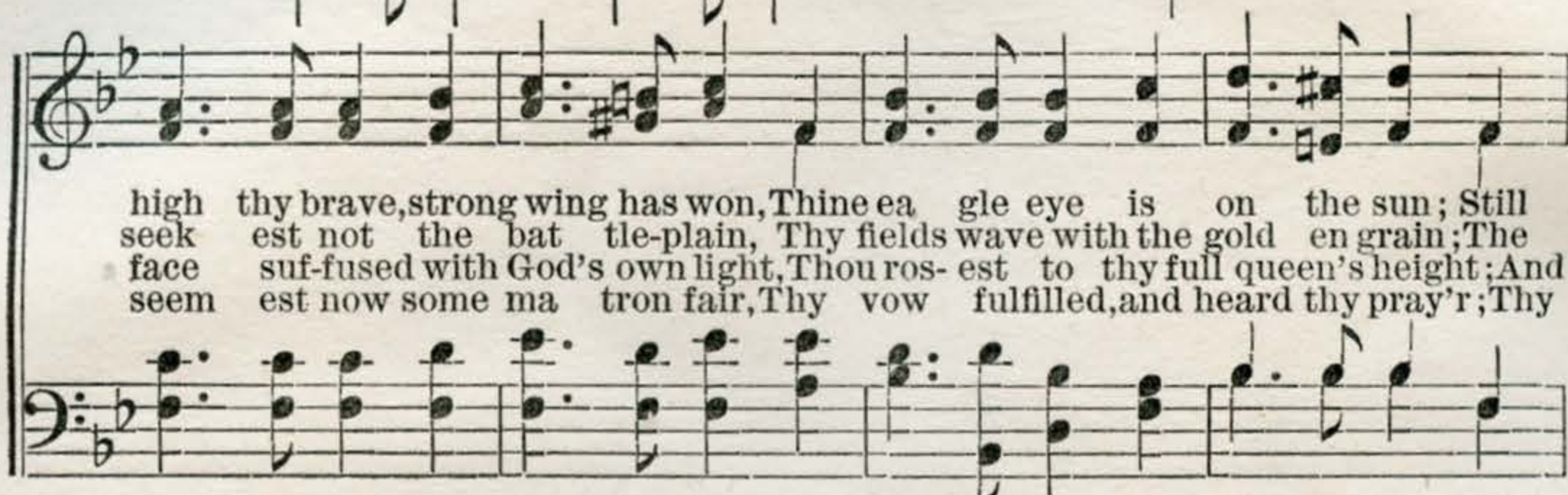
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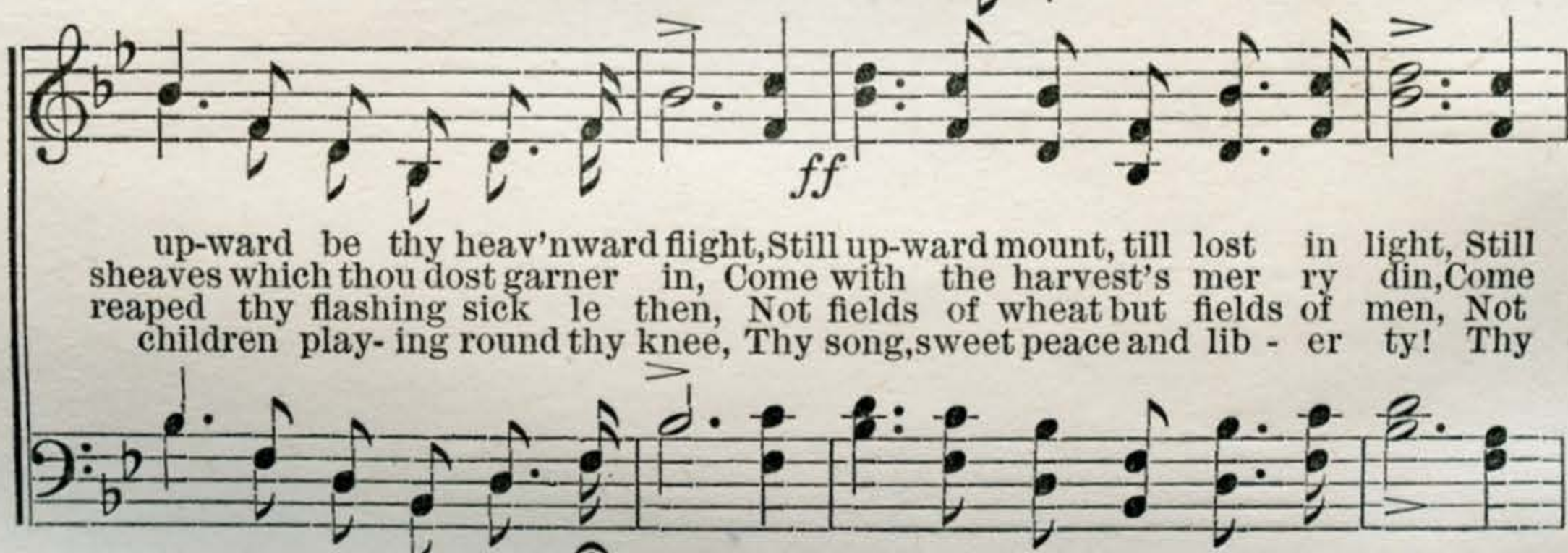
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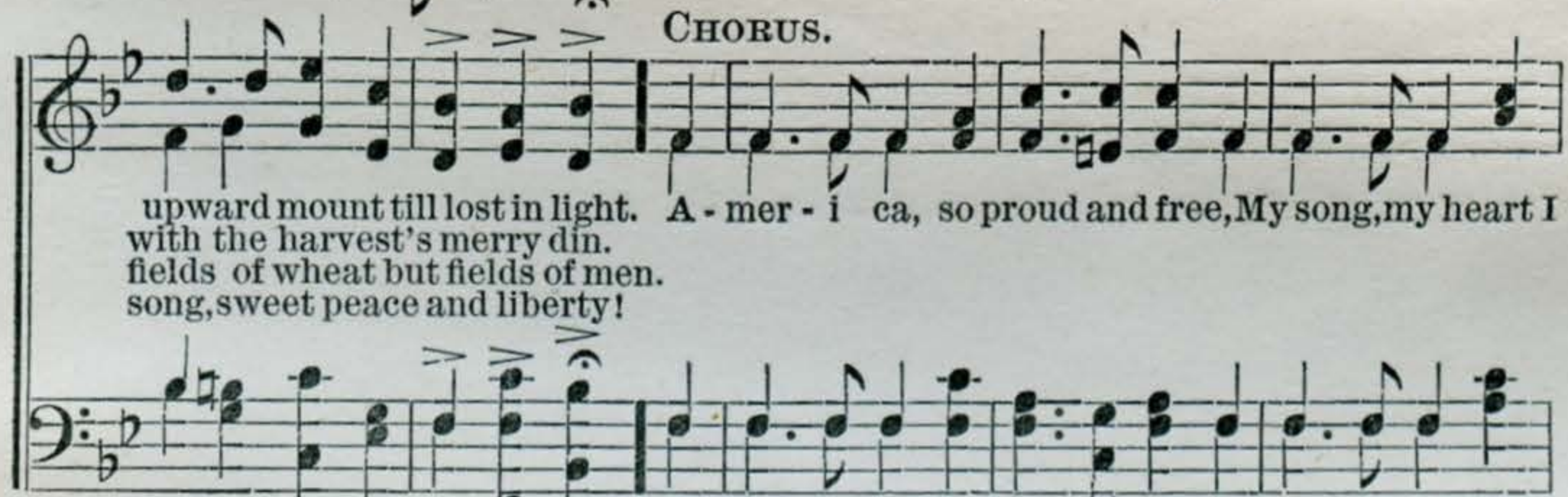
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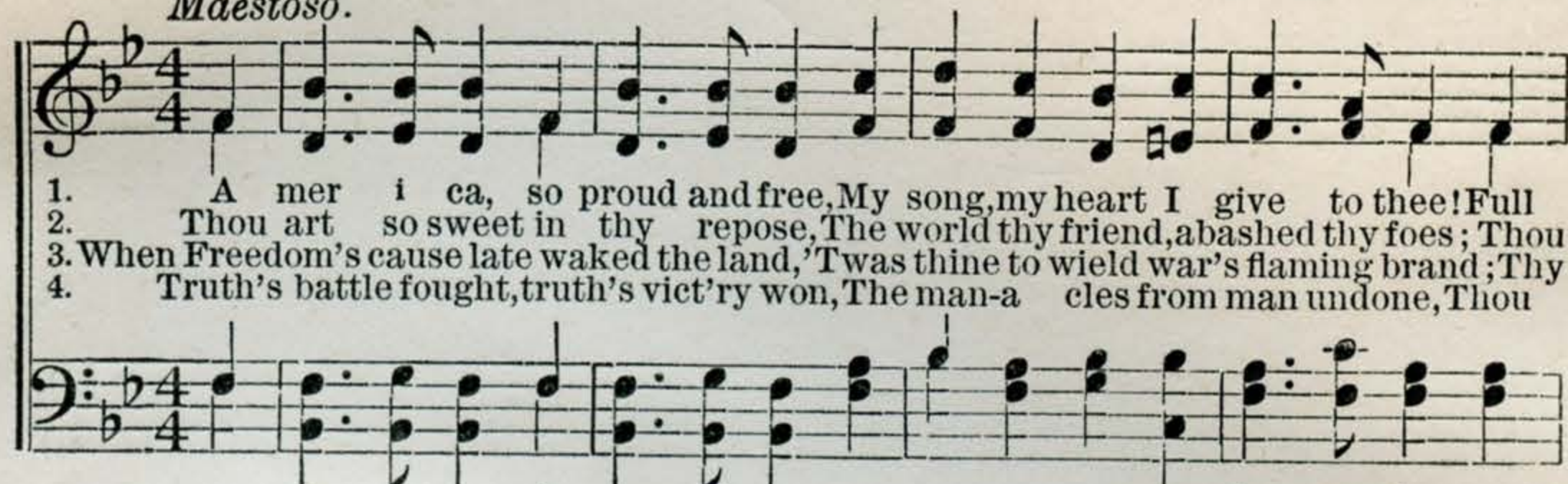
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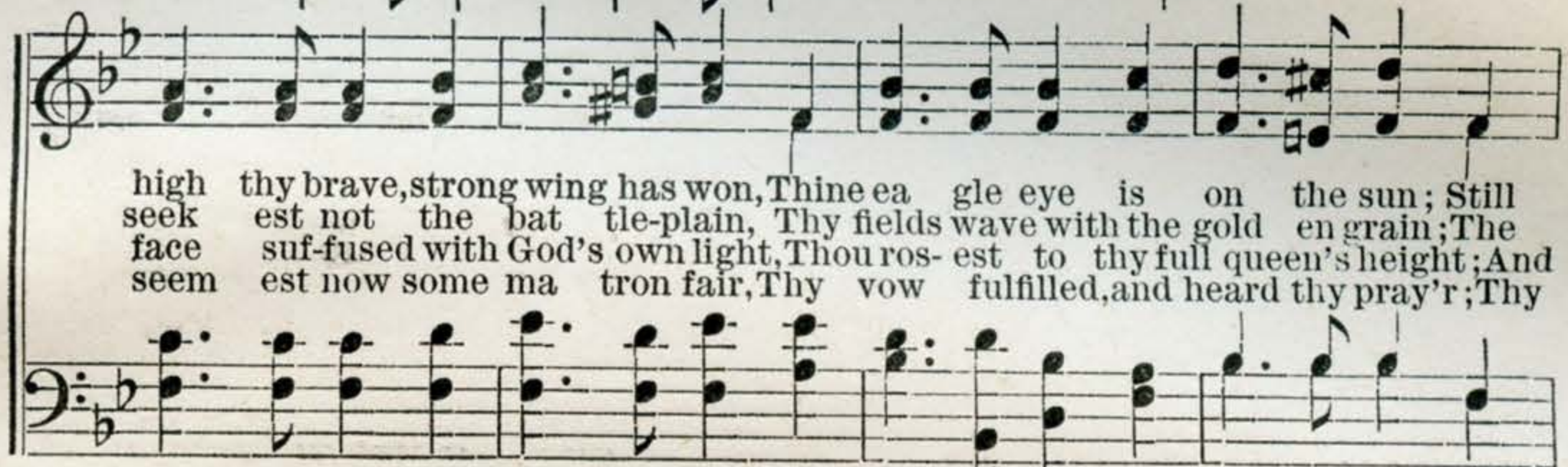
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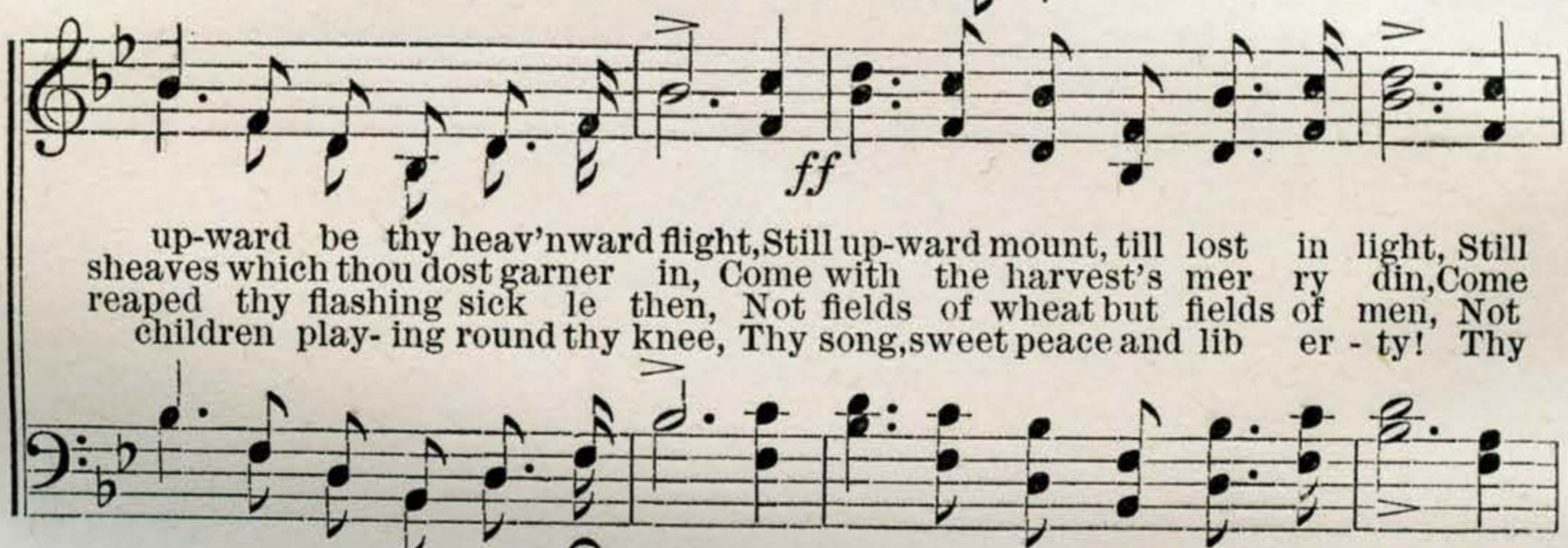
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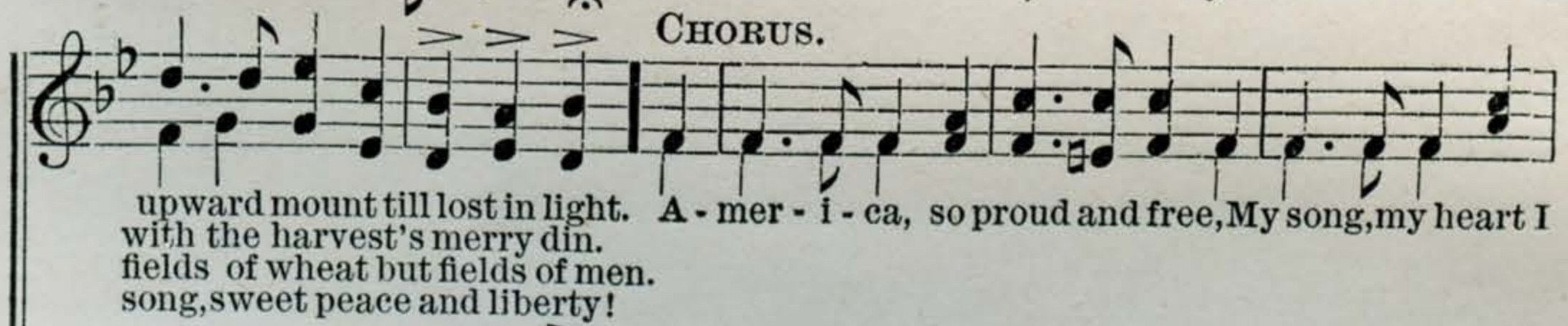
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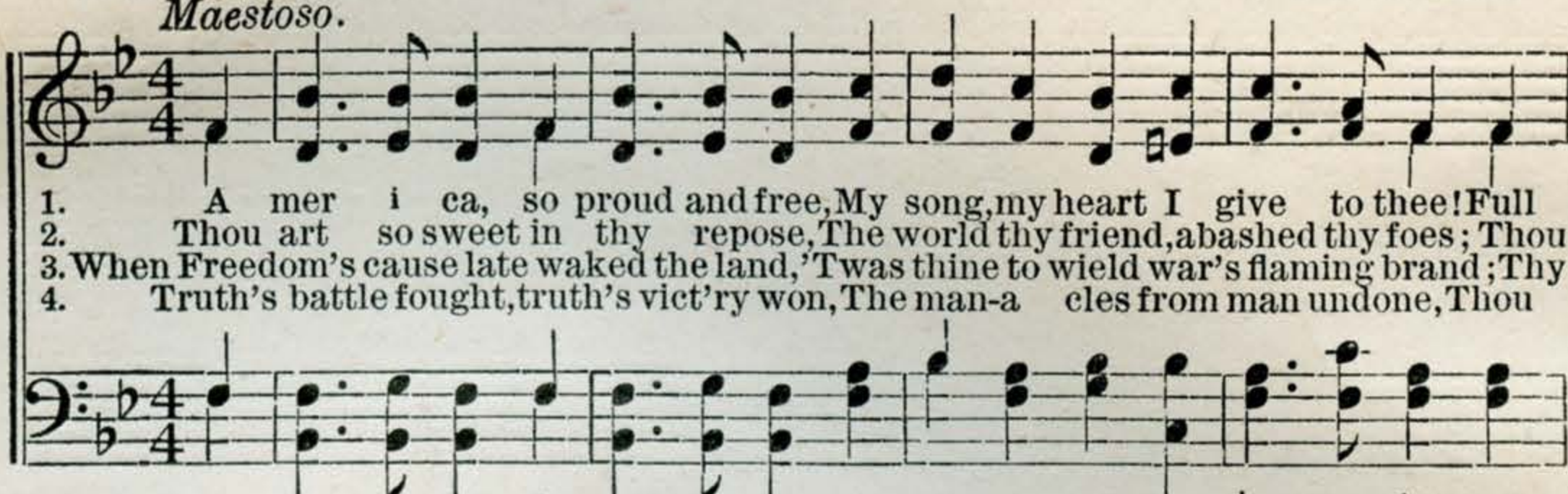


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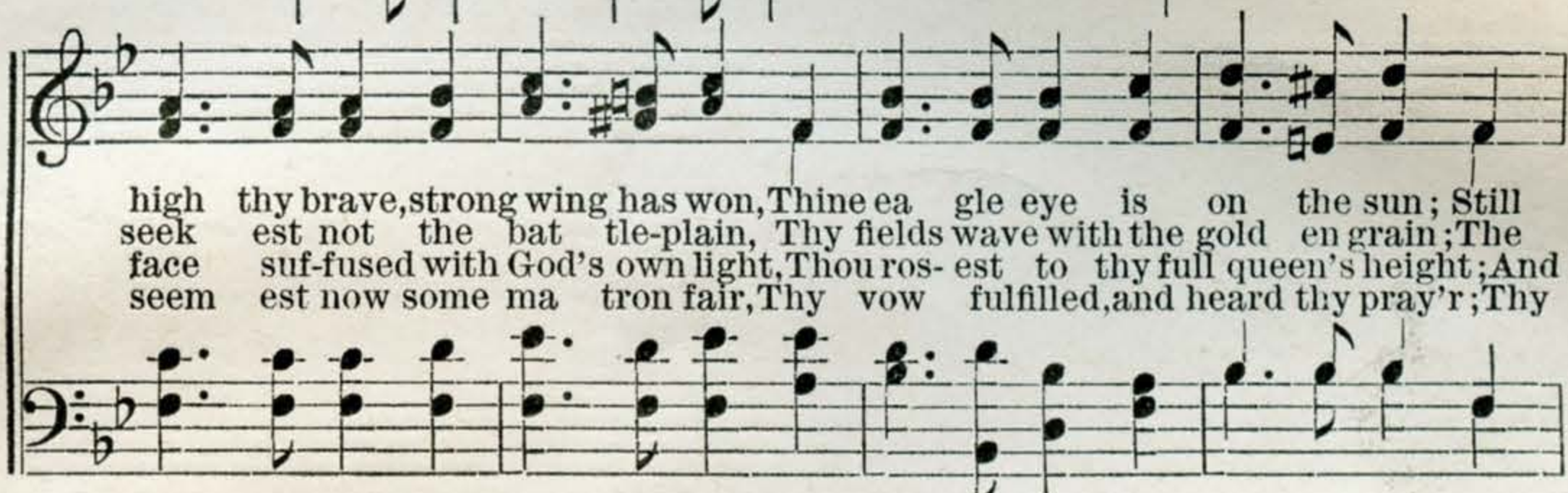
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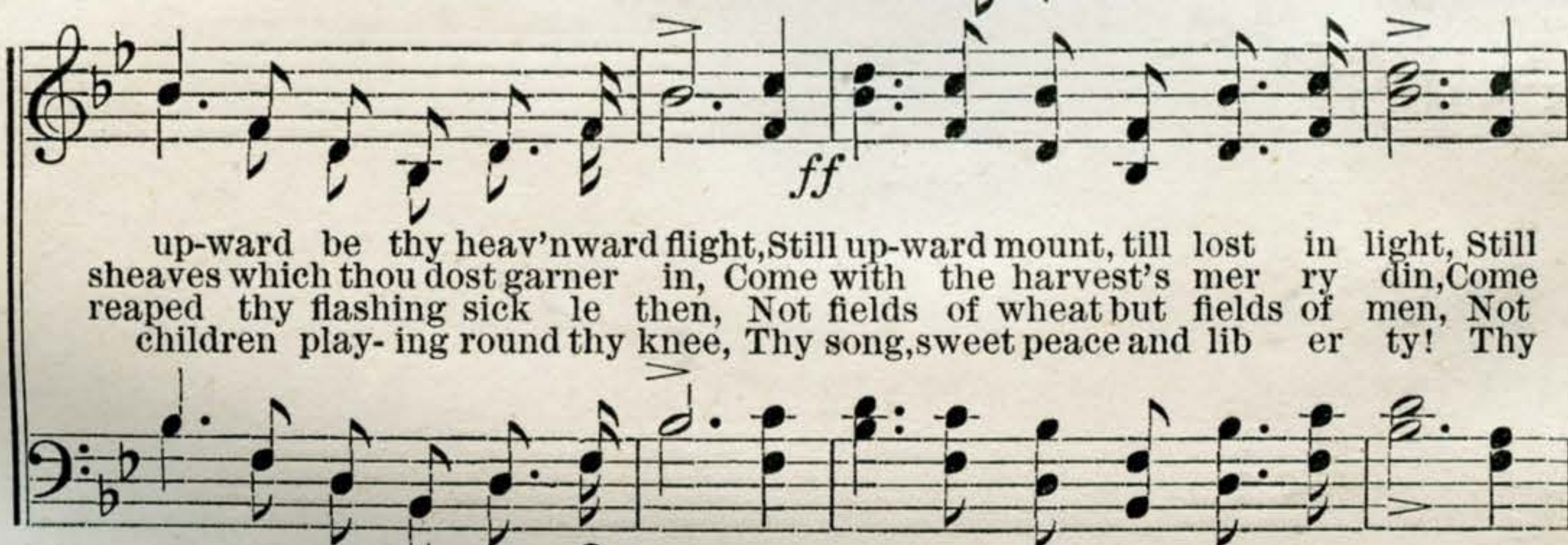
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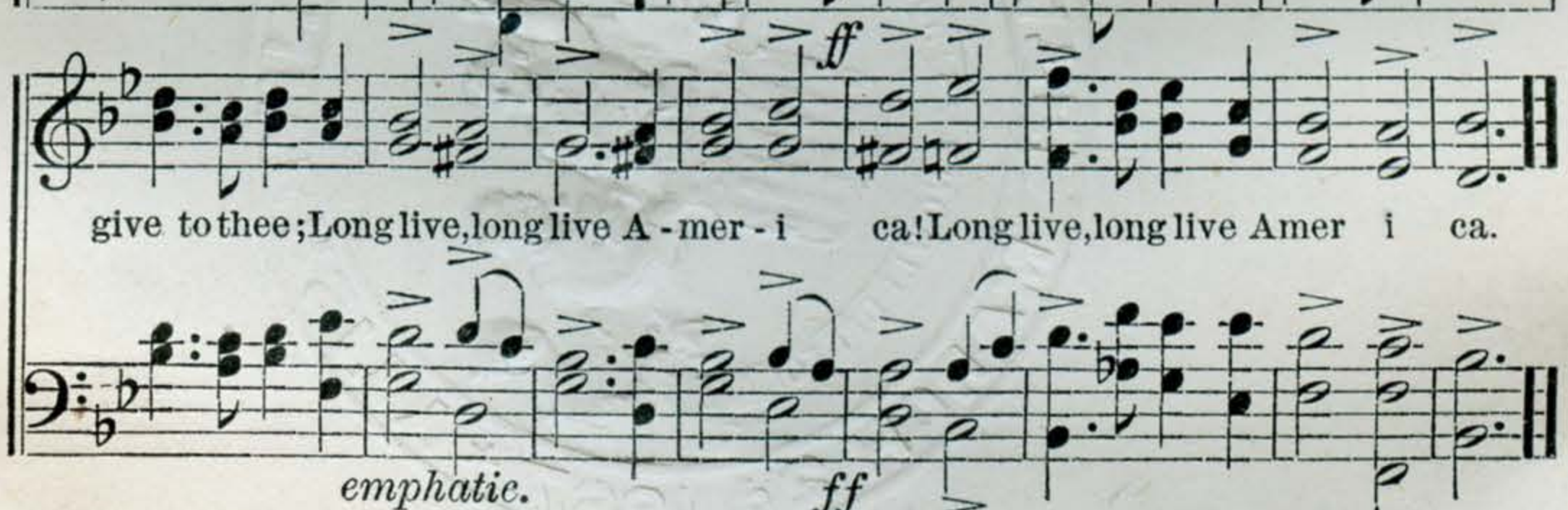
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give to thee; Long live, long live A - mer - i ca! Long live, long live Amer i ca.  
*emphatic.* *ff*

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For labor here has sure reward.
- 6 From land on land, whate'er their birth,  
Men flock to thee o'er all the earth;  
With ev'ry breeze, on ev'ry wave,  
They winds confront, they tempests brave;  
No perils do their hearts appall,  
For thou art mother to them all.

- 7 Thou art the youngest sister yet;  
To older nations vast thy debt;  
Art come to empire, grand and great,  
Art heiress of Time's last estate;  
For thee, the martyrs have turned pale,  
And heroes have been hacked in mail.
- 8 America, so proud and free,  
I give my song, my heart to thee!  
Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly  
In every clime, 'neath every sky;  
Still rise a yeoman race, to stand  
For God and home, and native land!



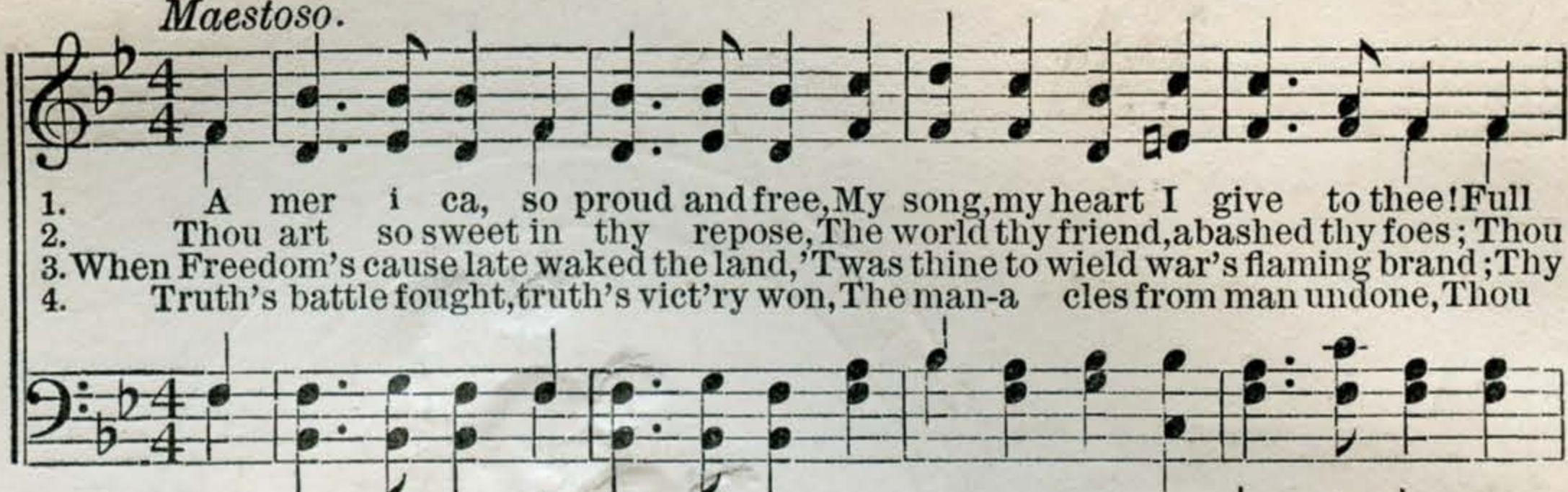
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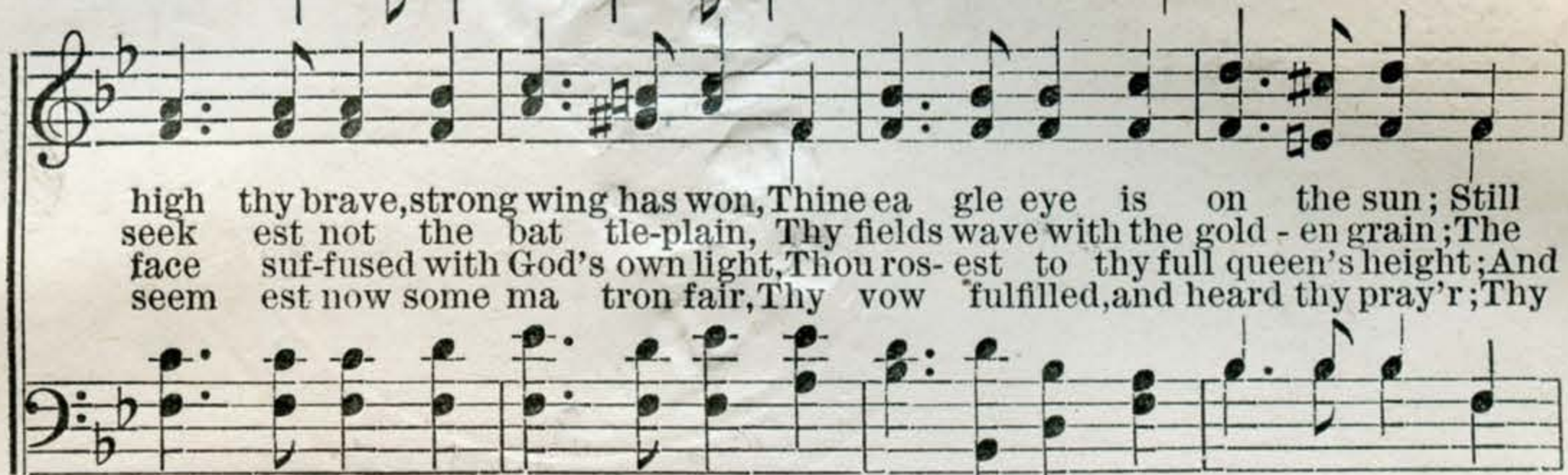
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. H. PONTIUS.

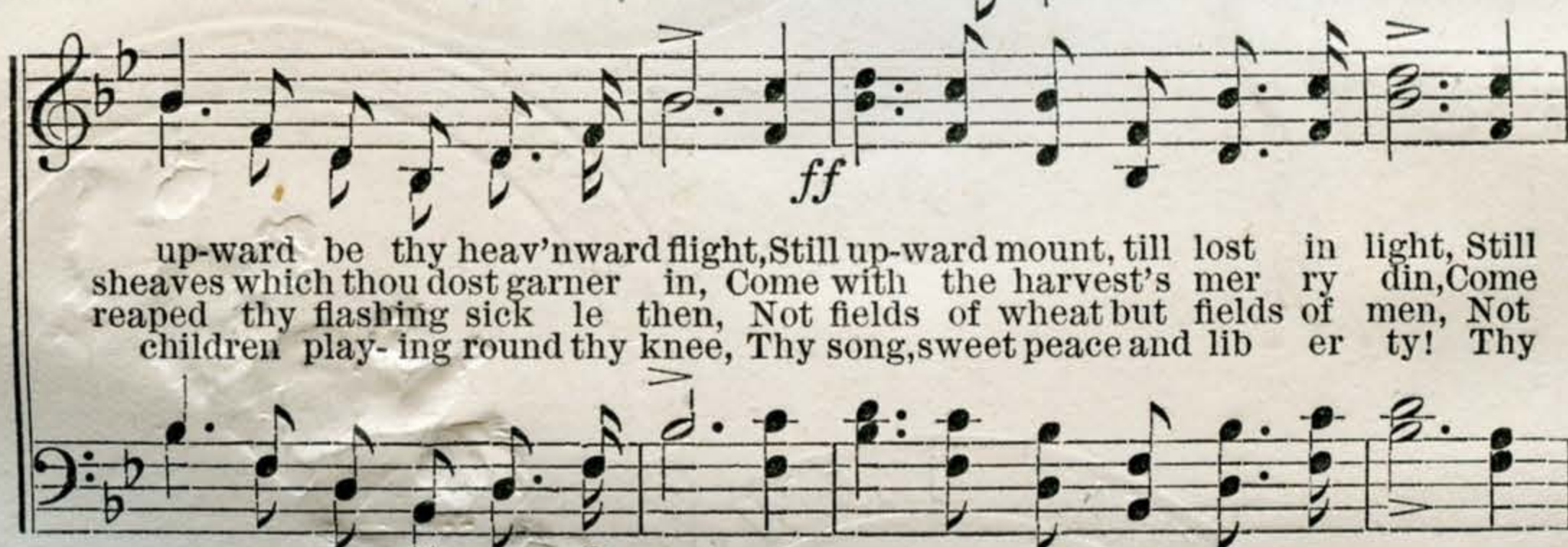
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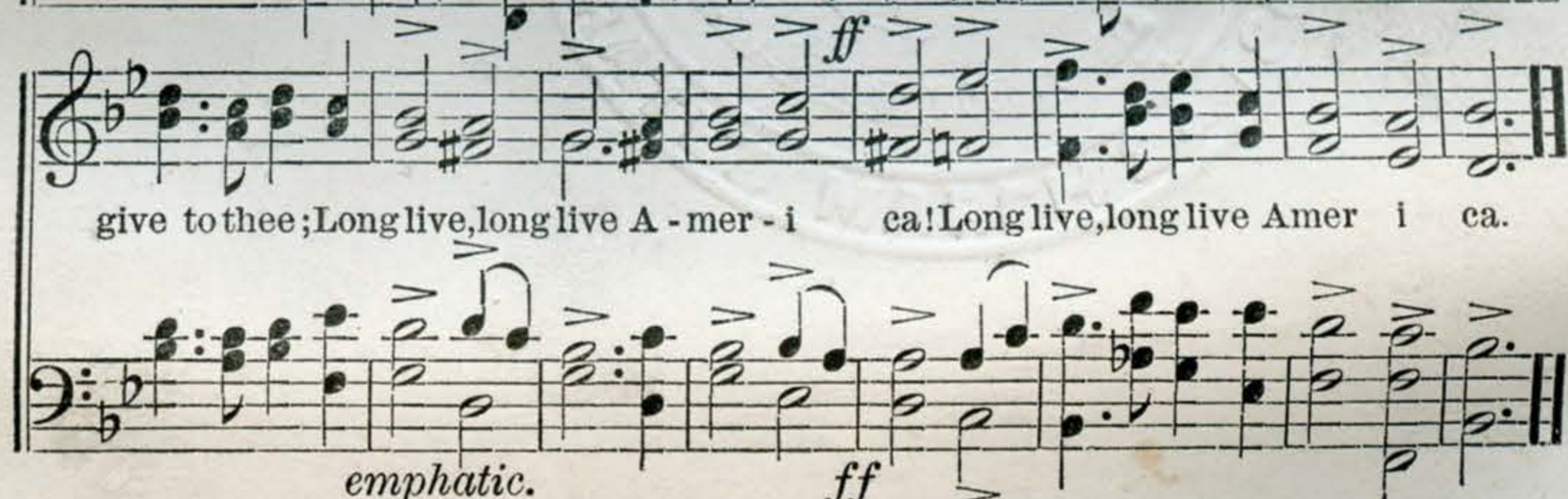
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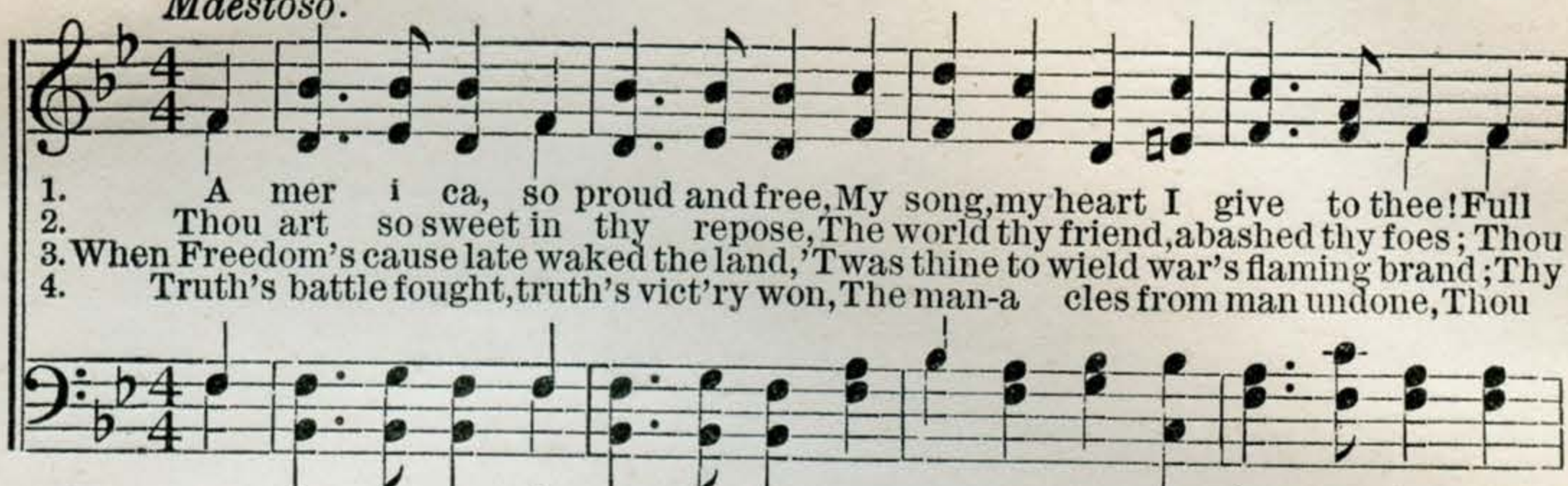
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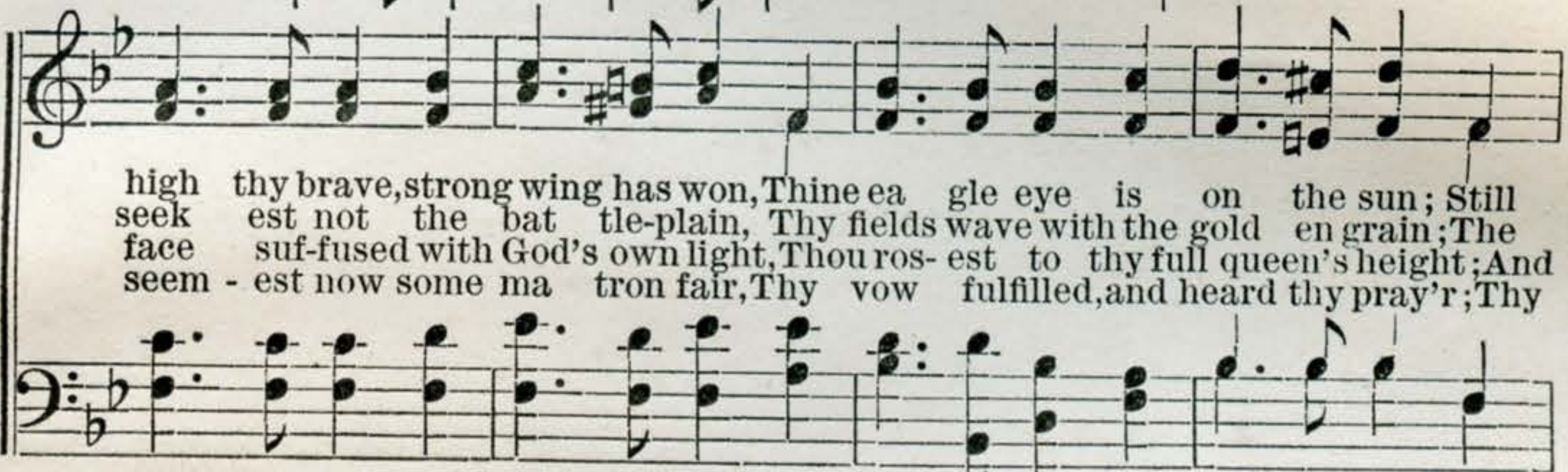
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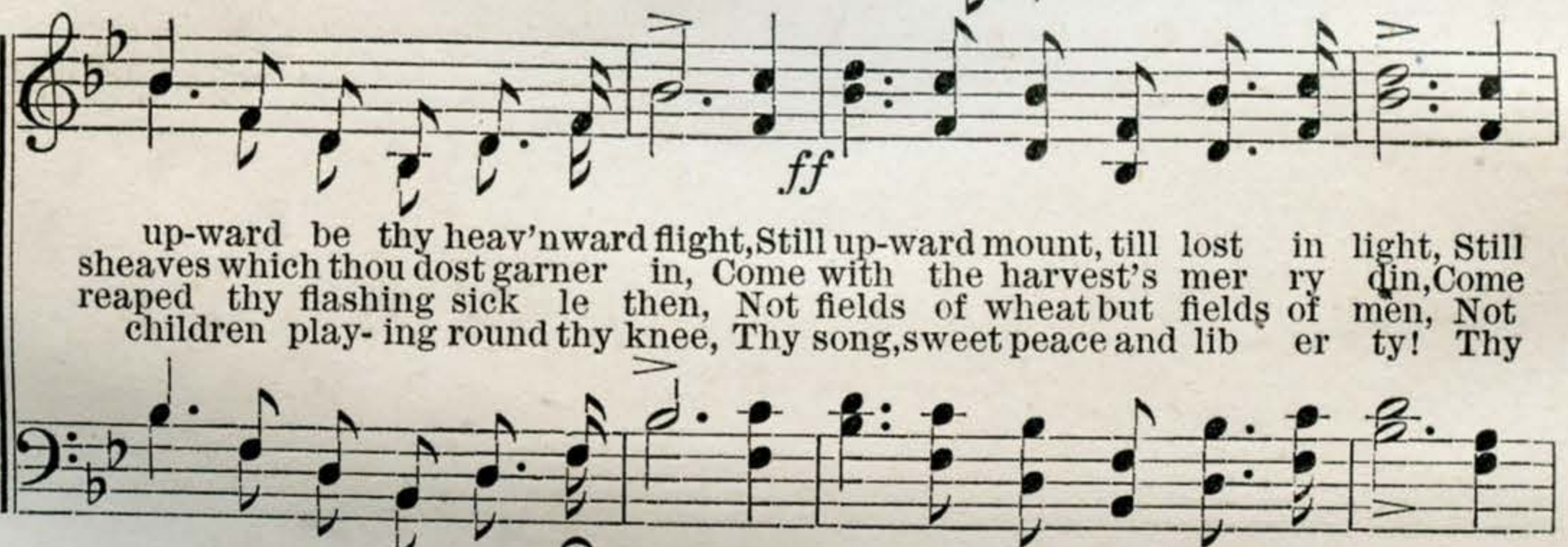
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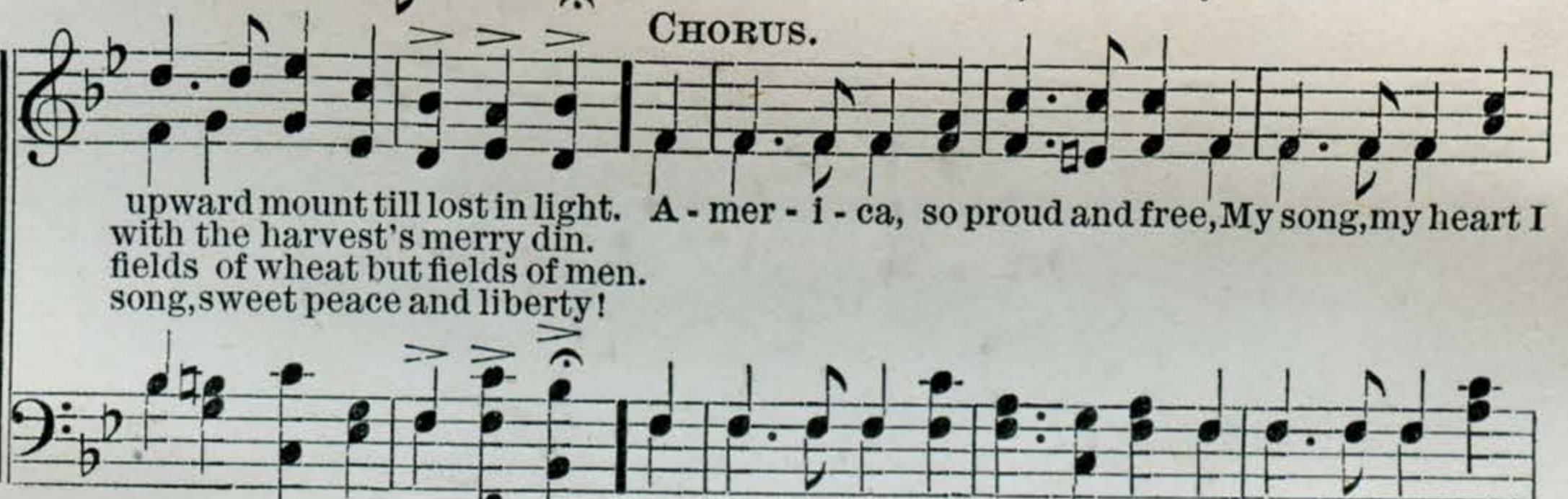
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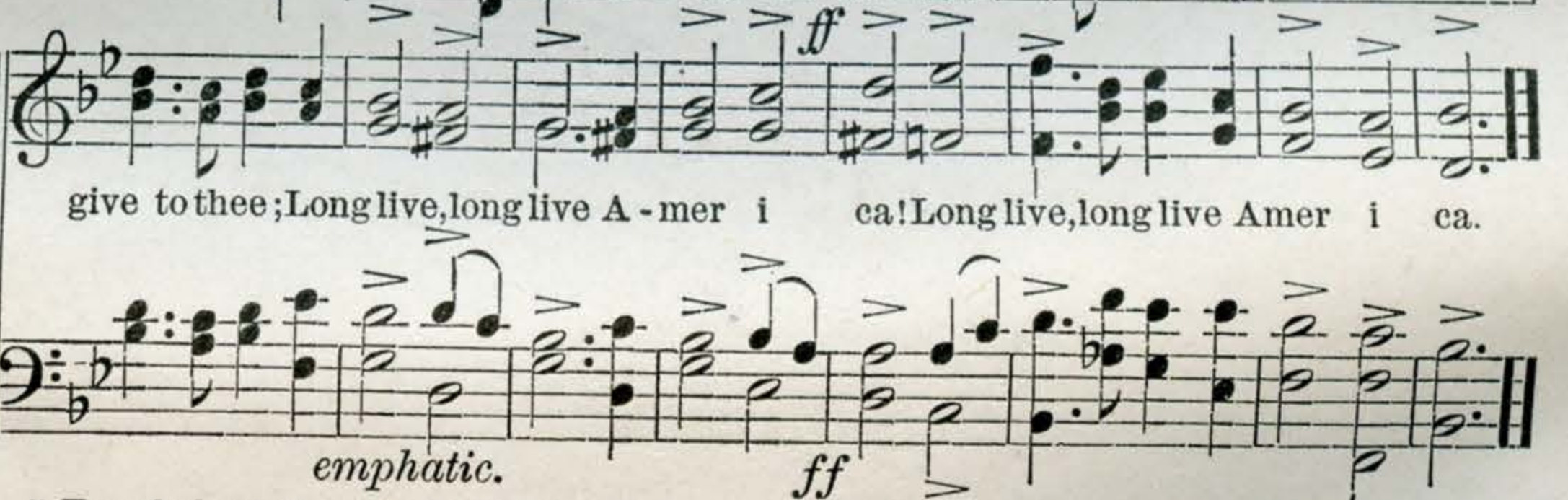
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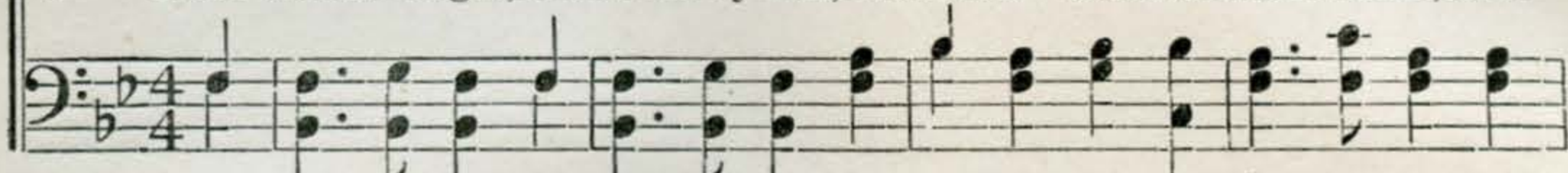
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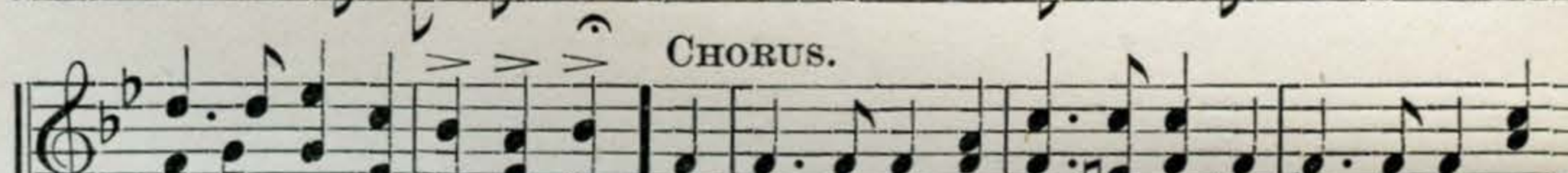
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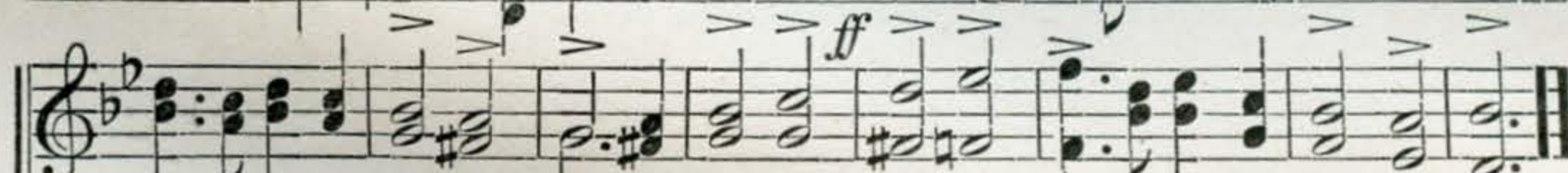
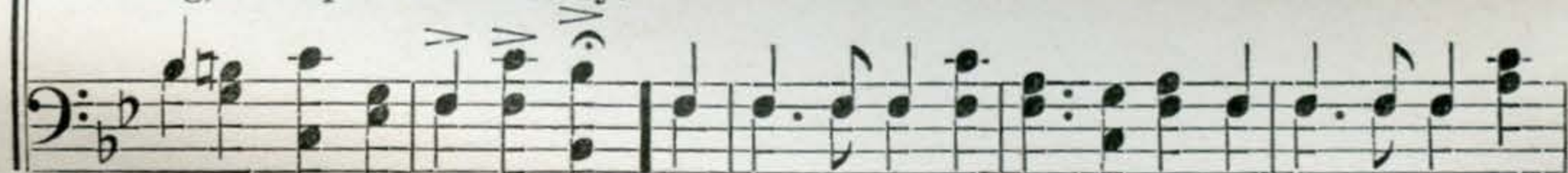


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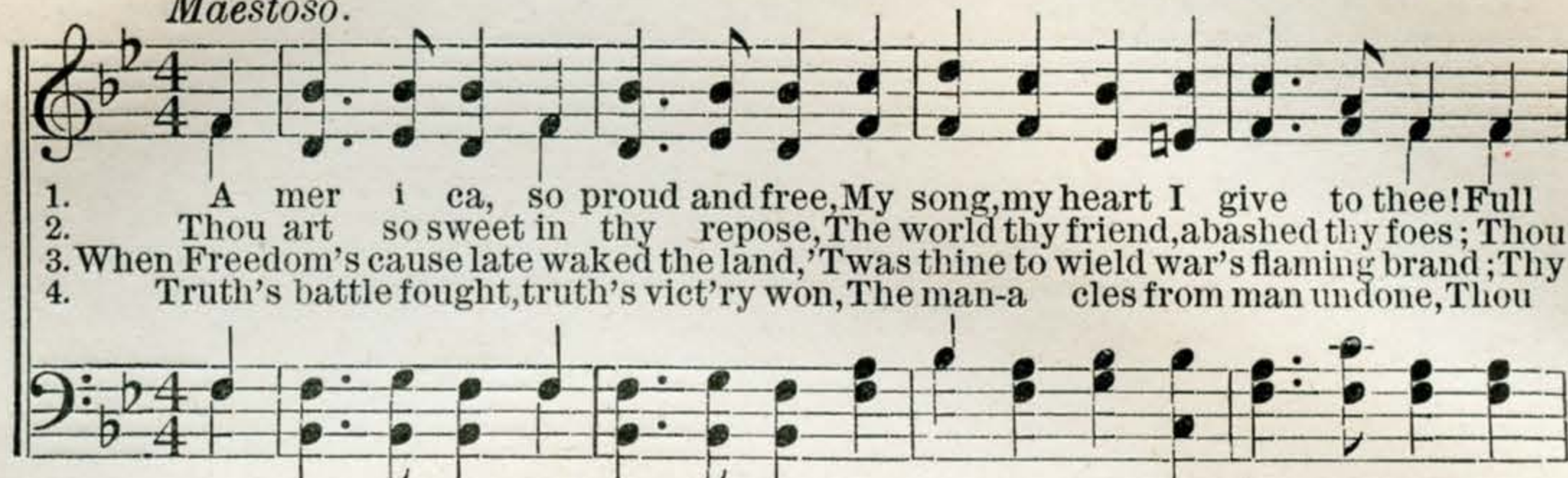
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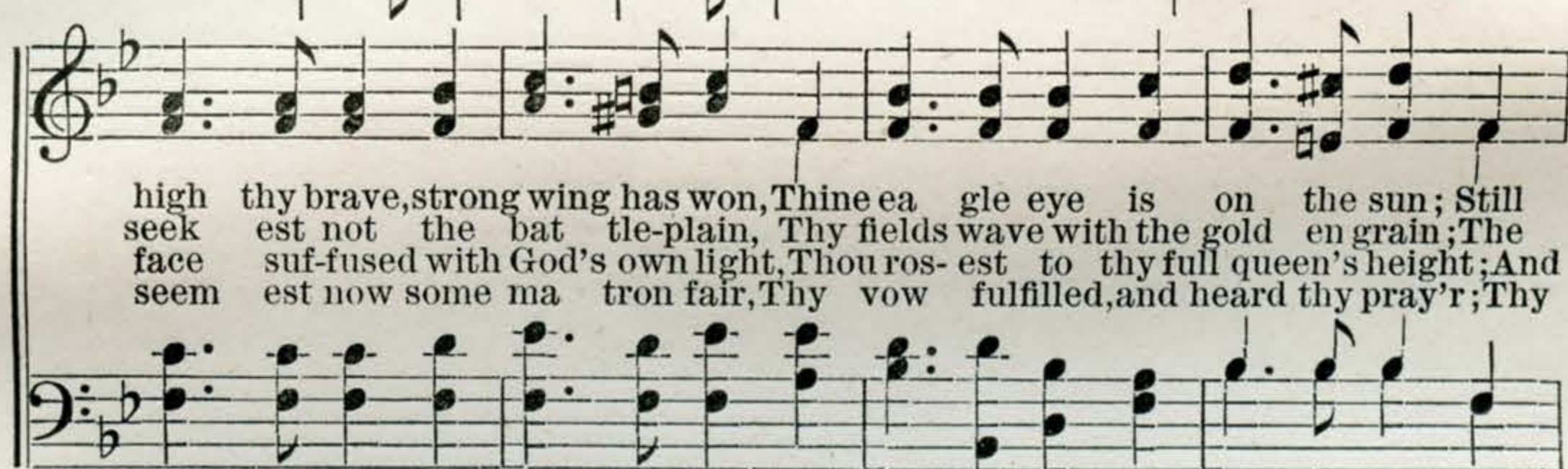
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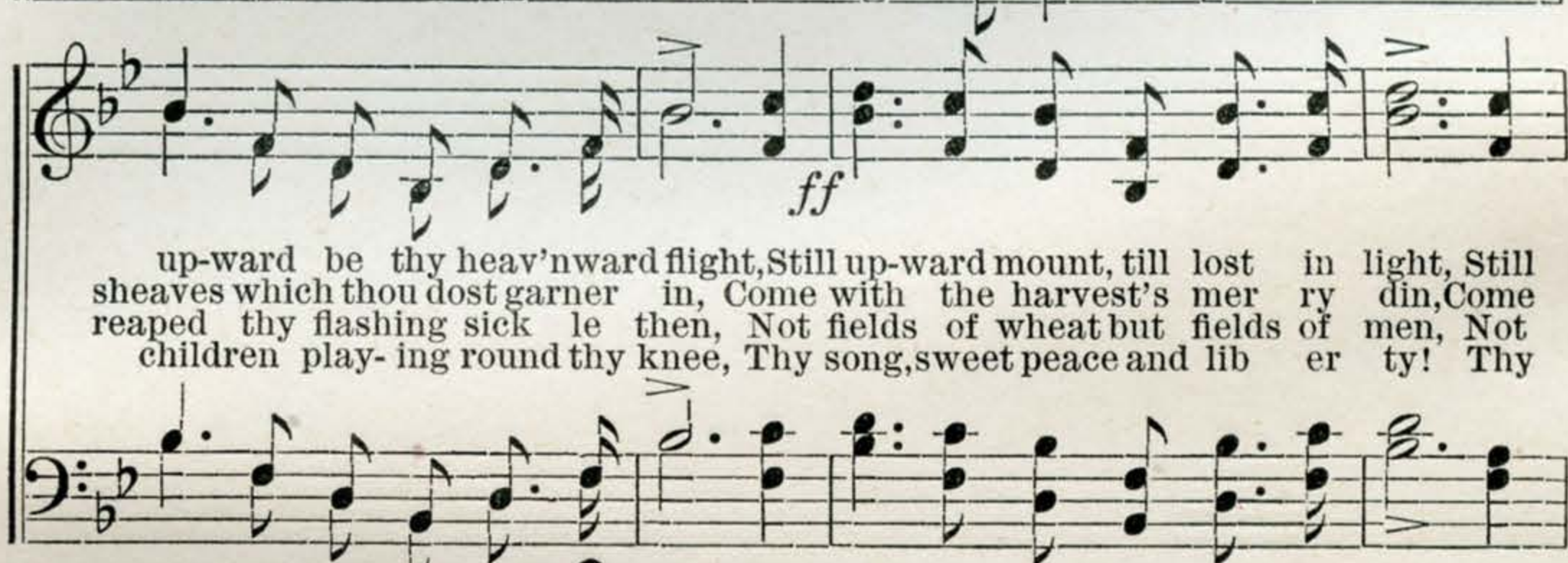
*Maestoso.*



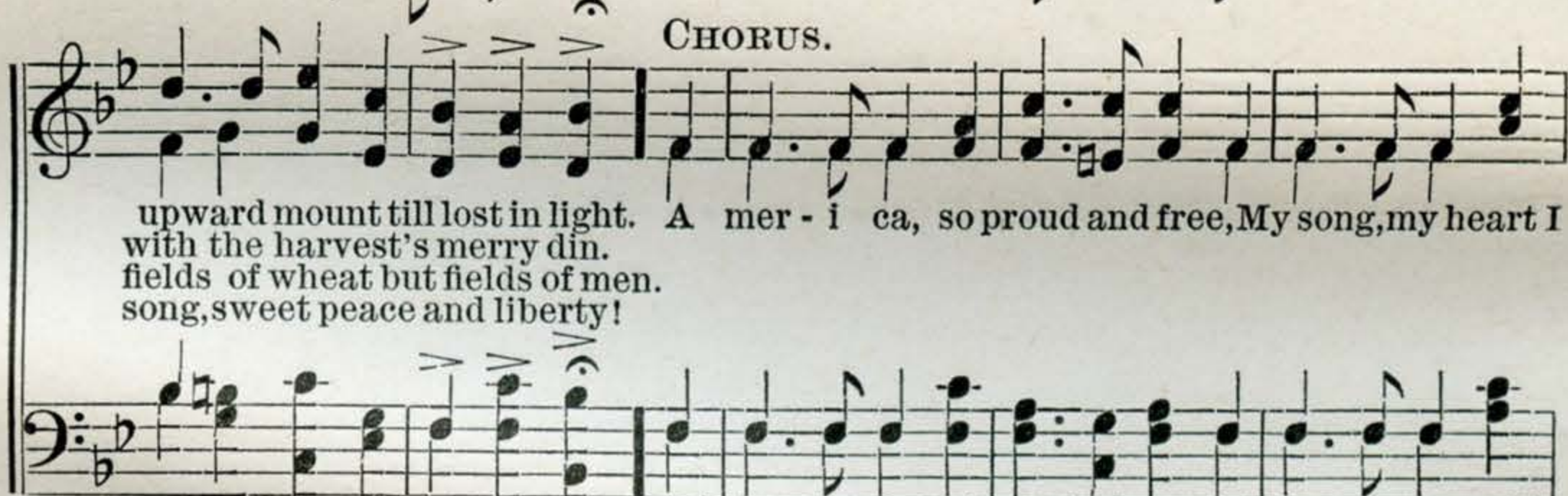
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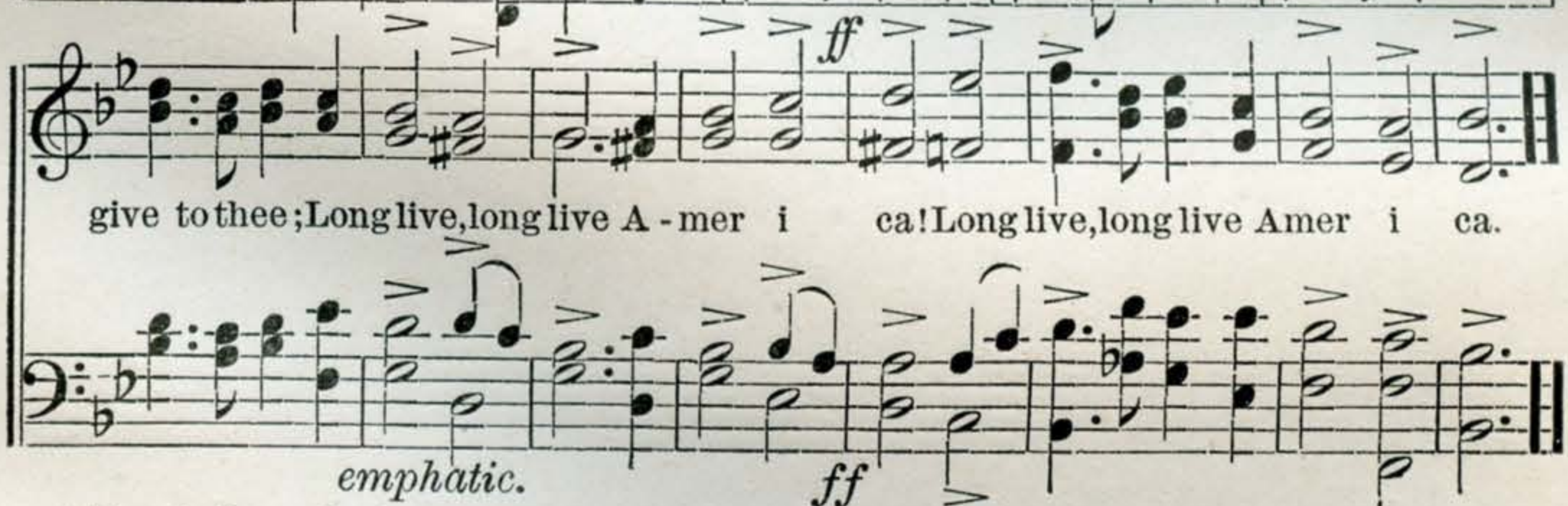
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give to thee; Long live, long live A - mer i ca! Long live, long live Amer i ca.  
*emphatic.* *ff*

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 From city streets, from forest trees;  
 And when rings out toil's bell at noon,  
 Thy heart with joy is all in tune;  
 It thrills thine ev'ry vital chord,  
 For labor here has sure reward.

6 From land on land, whate'er their birth,  
 Men flock to thee o'er all the earth;  
 With ev'ry breeze, on ev'ry wave,  
 They winds confront, they tempests brave;  
 No perils do their hearts appall,  
 For thou art mother to them all.

7 Thou art the youngest sister yet;  
 To older nations vast thy debt;  
 Art come to empire, grand and great,  
 Art heiress of Time's last estate;  
 For thee, the martyrs have turned pale,  
 And heroes have been hacked in mail.

8 America, so proud and free,  
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 Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly  
 In every clime, 'neath every sky;  
 Still rise a yeoman race, to stand  
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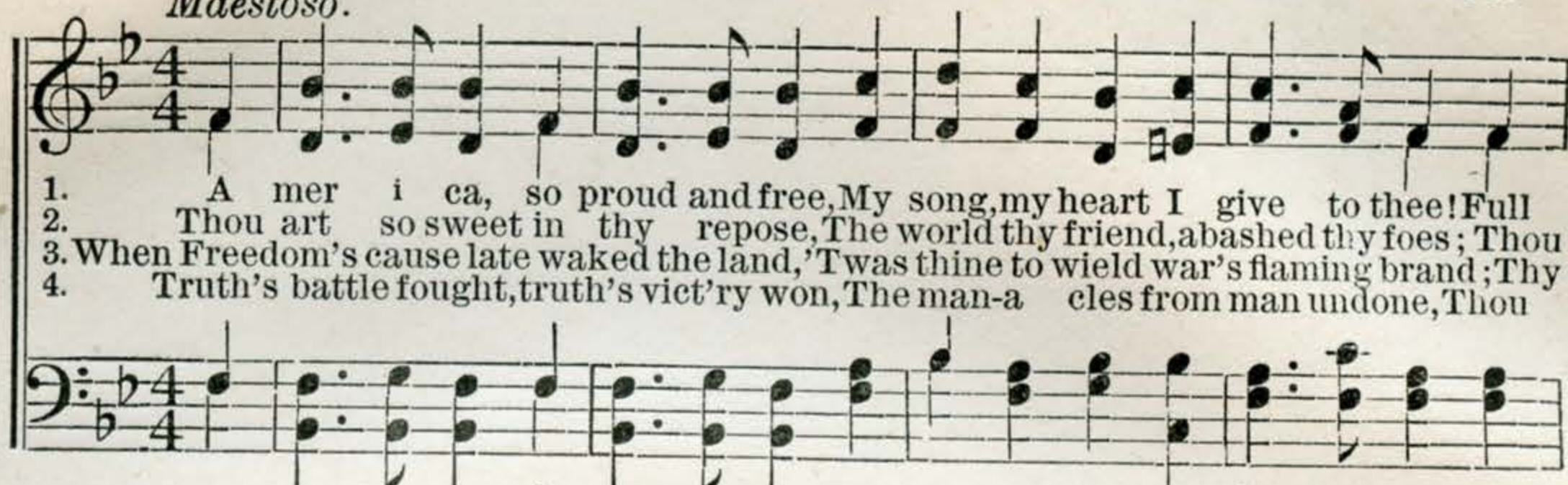
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J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

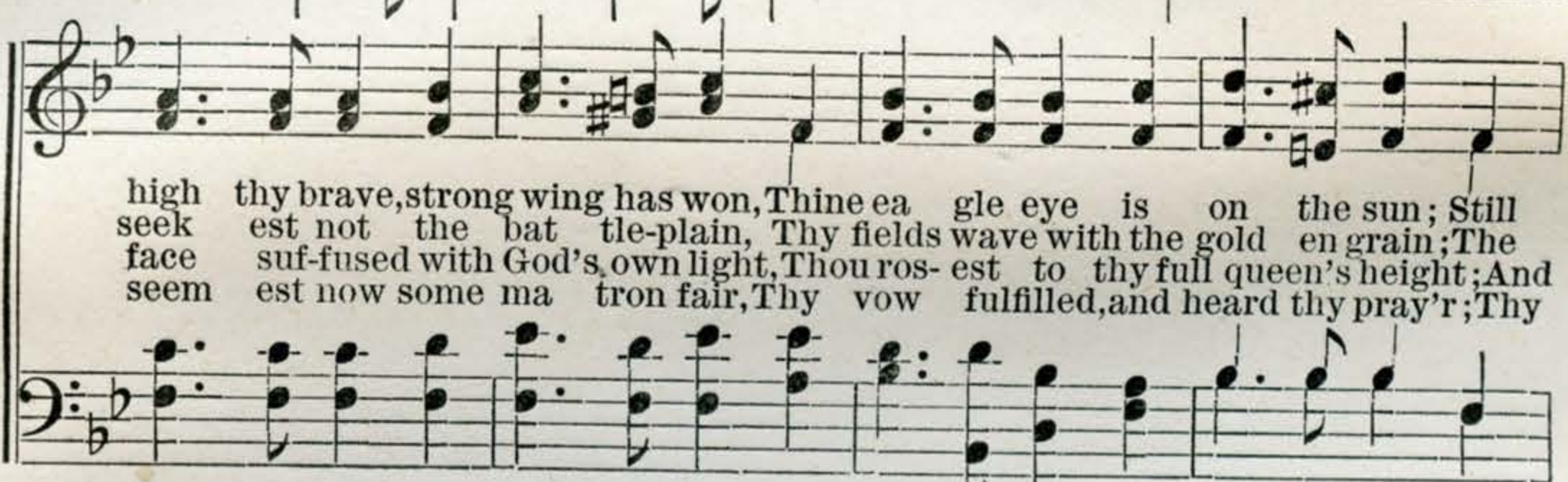
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W. H. PONTIUS.

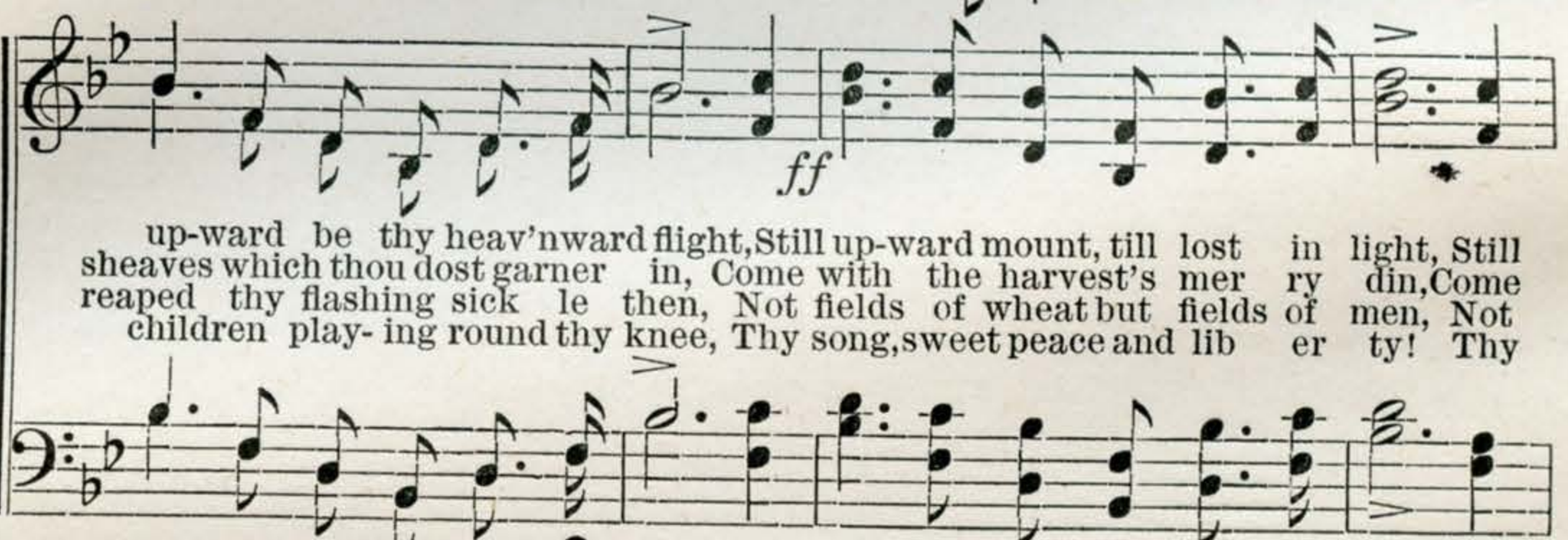
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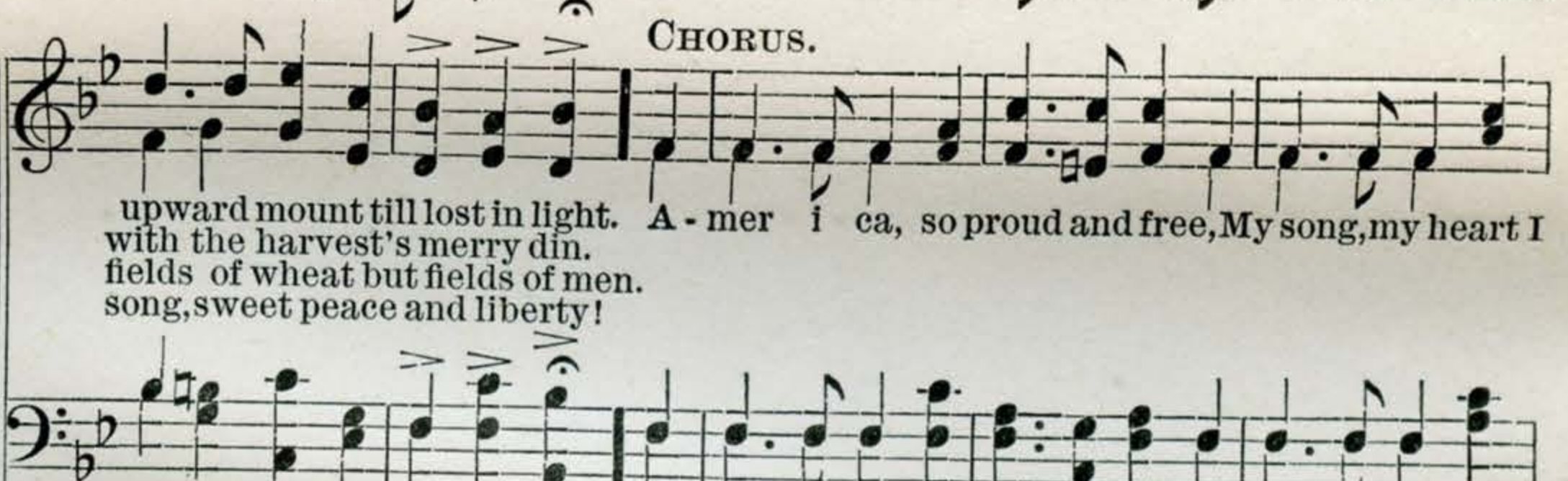
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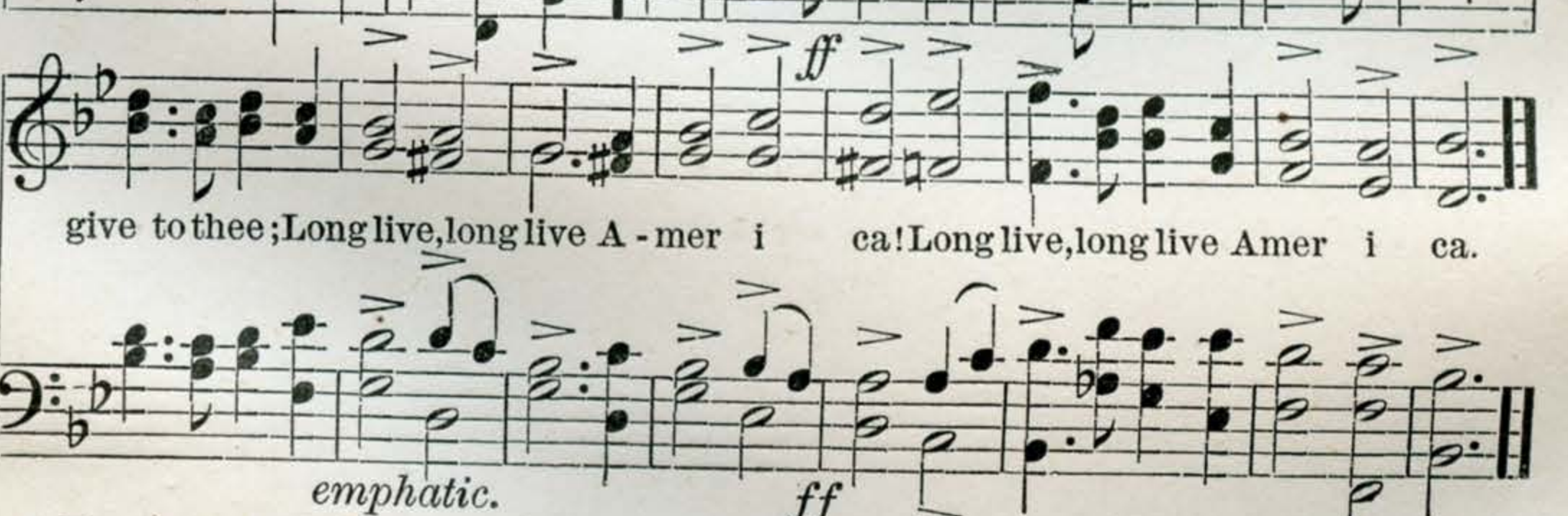
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J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Dedicated to the Nation's Defenders.

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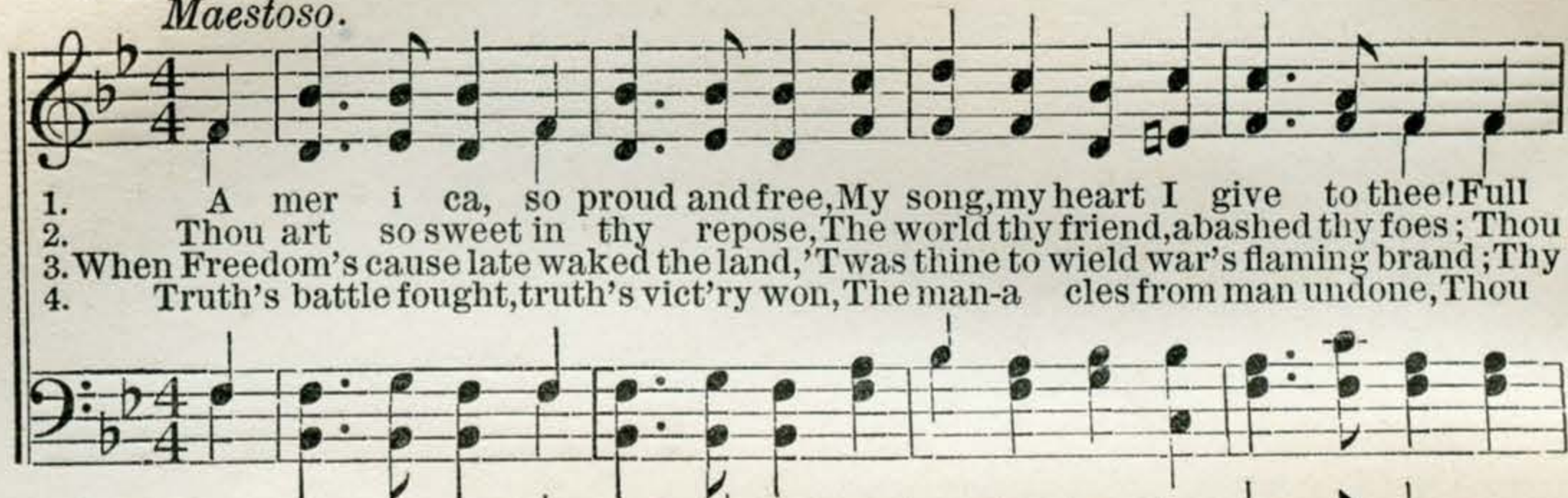
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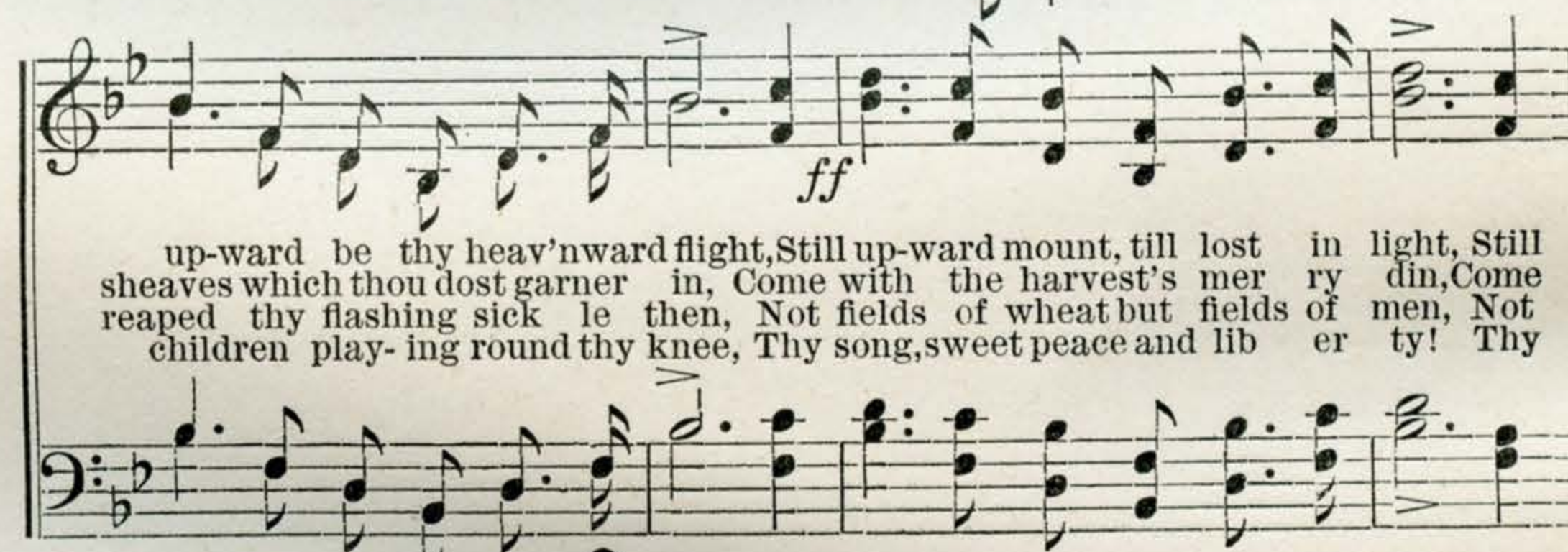
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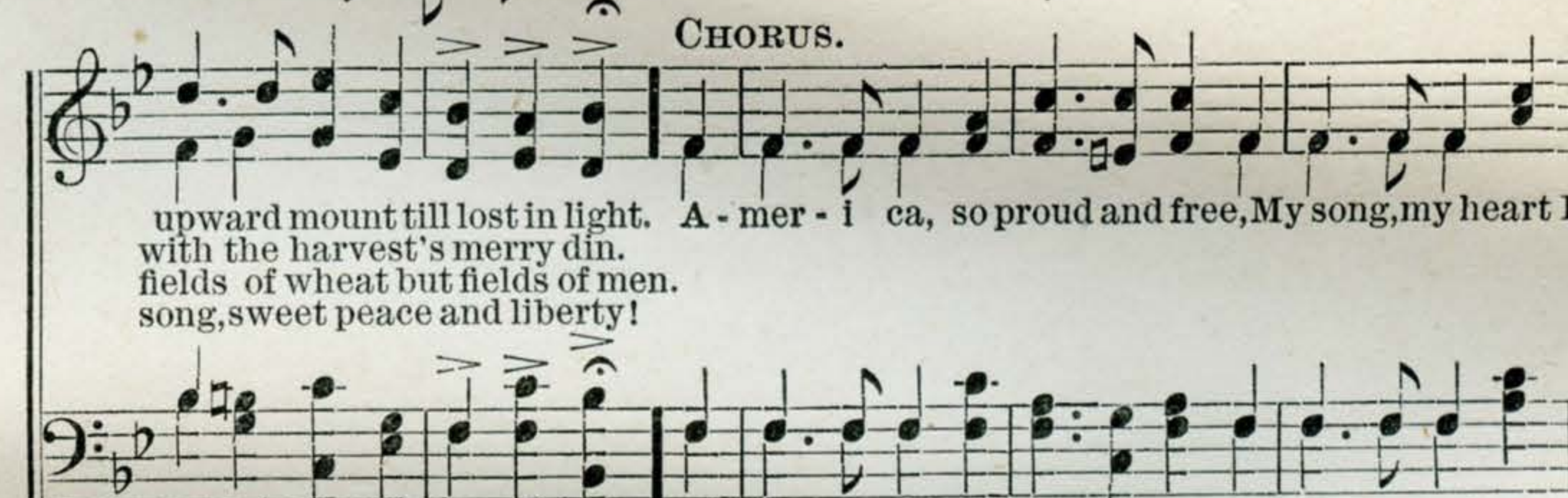
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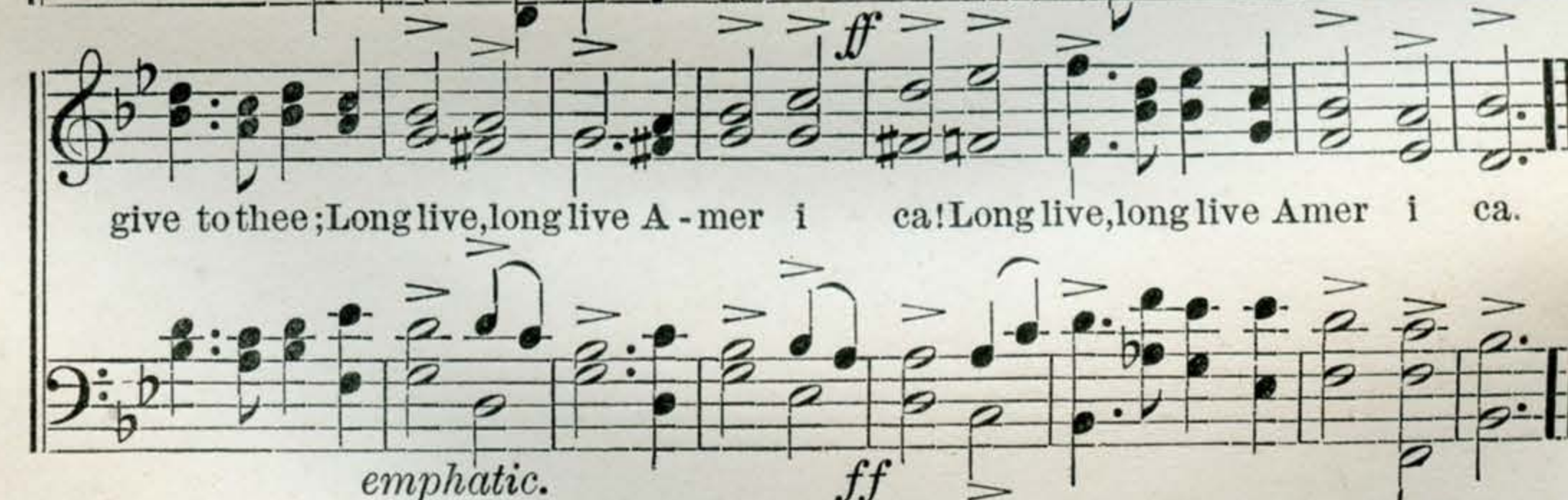
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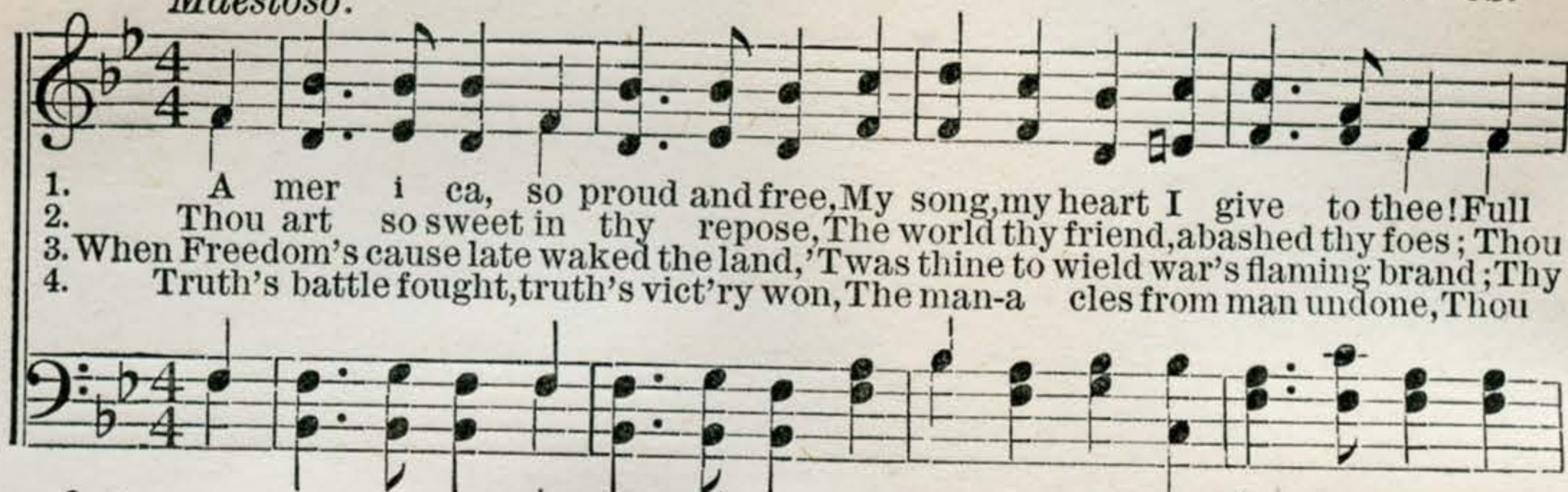


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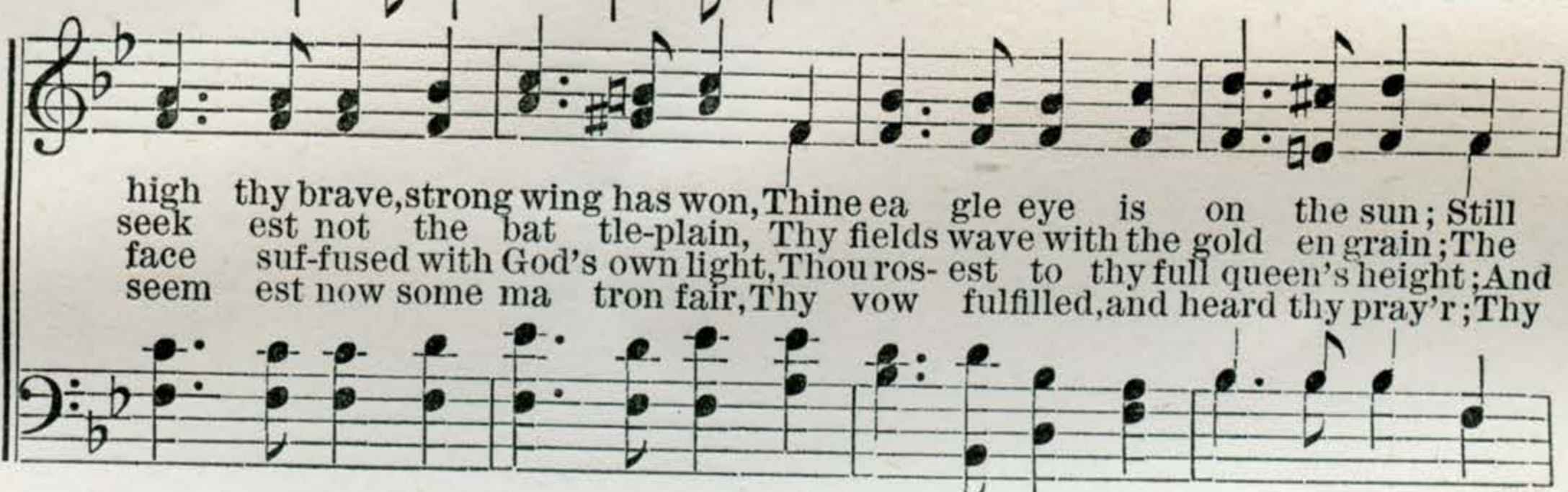
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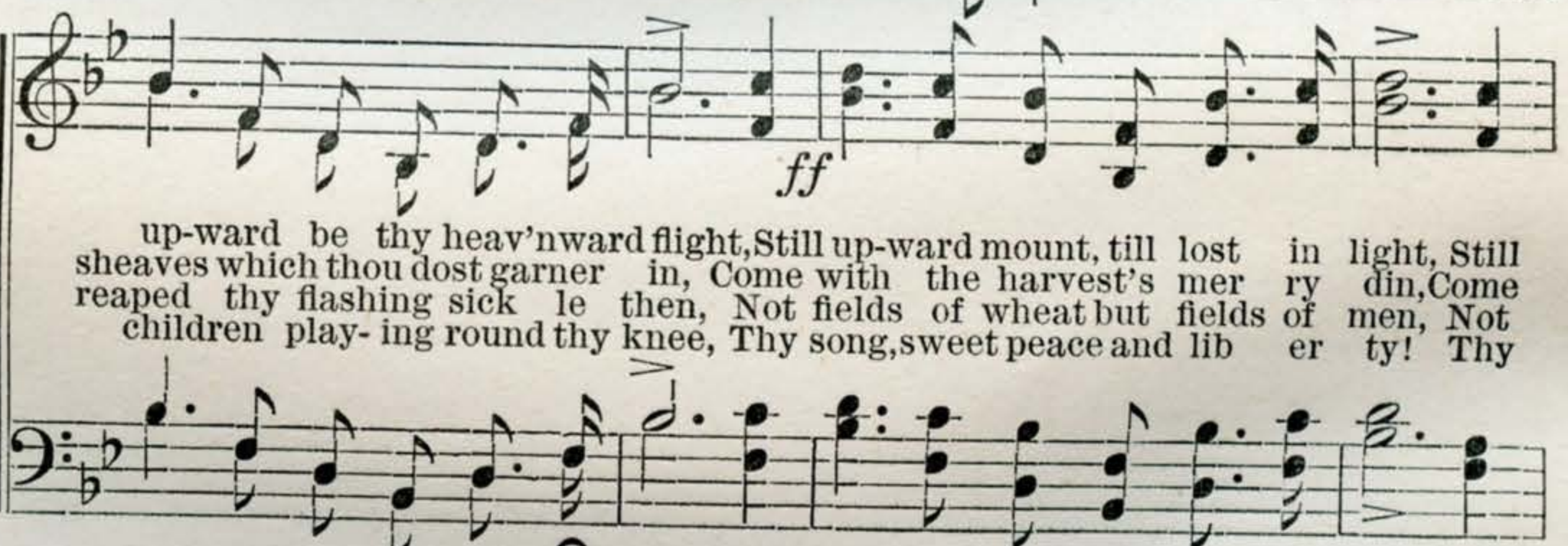
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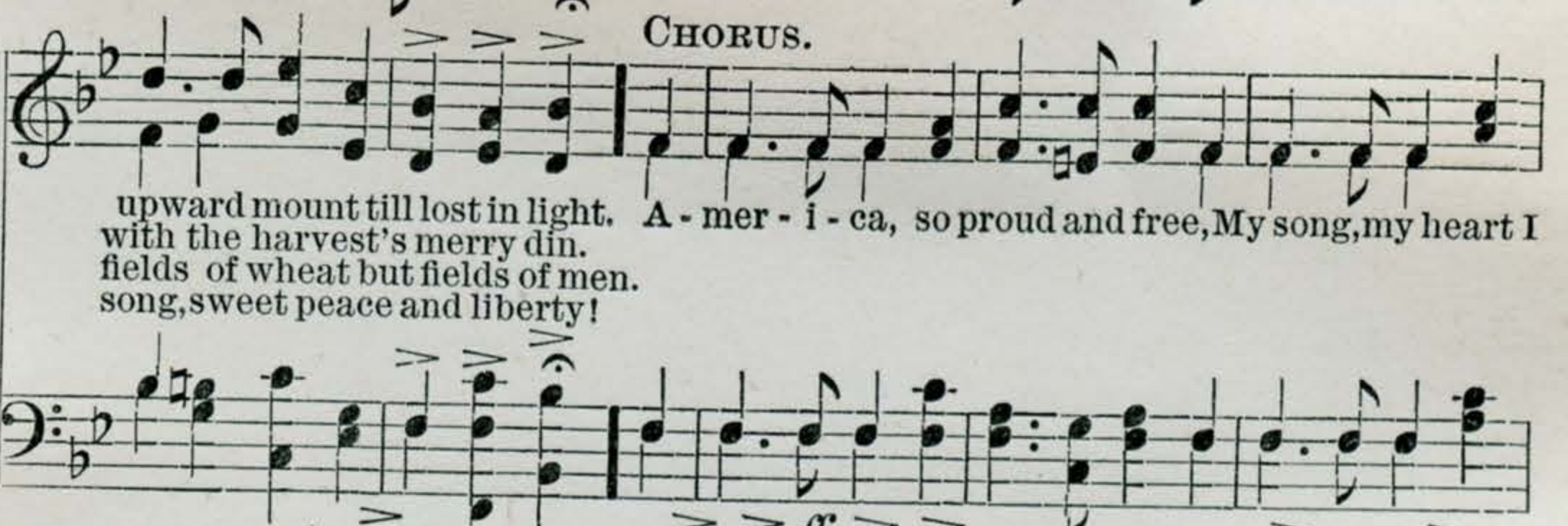
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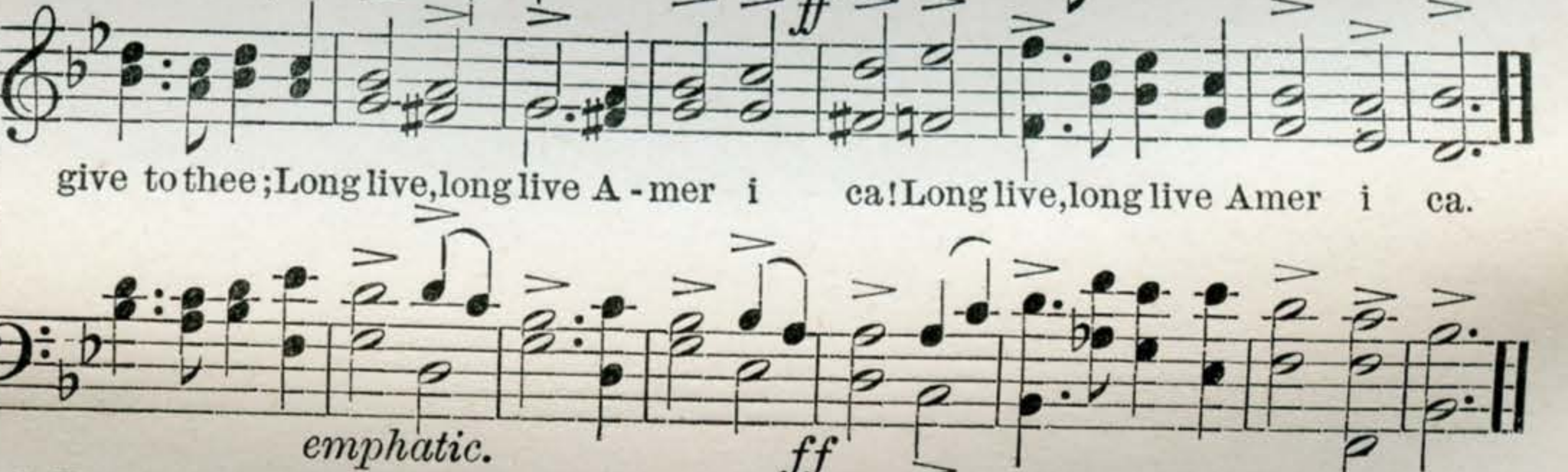
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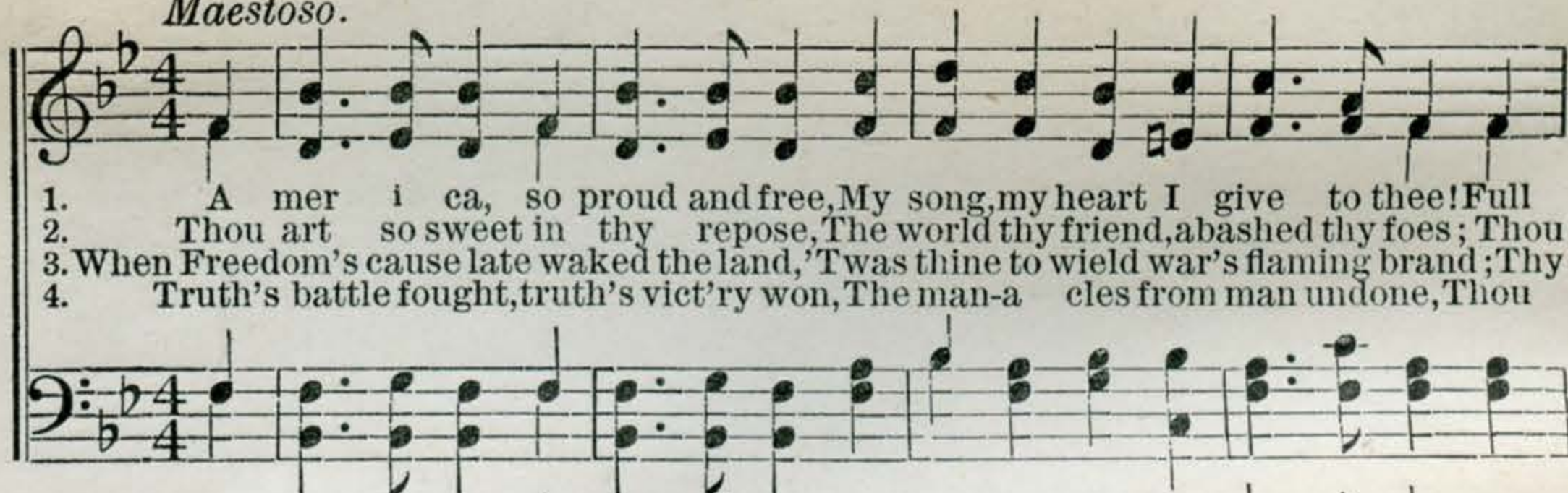
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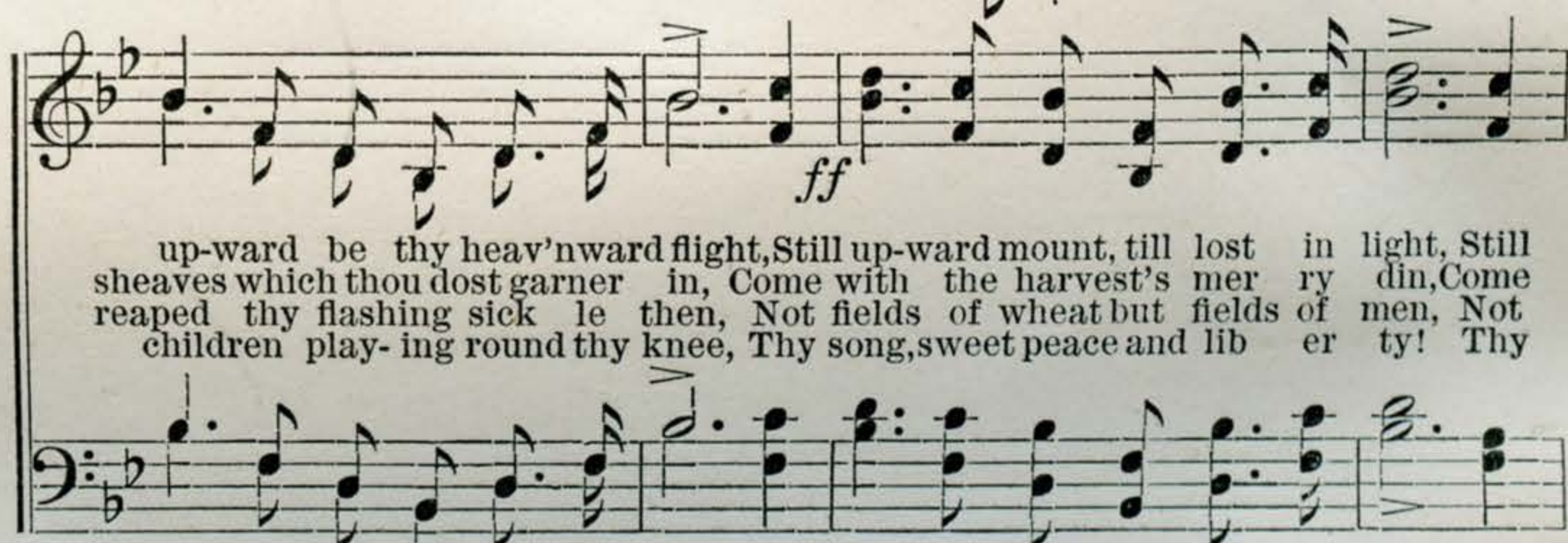
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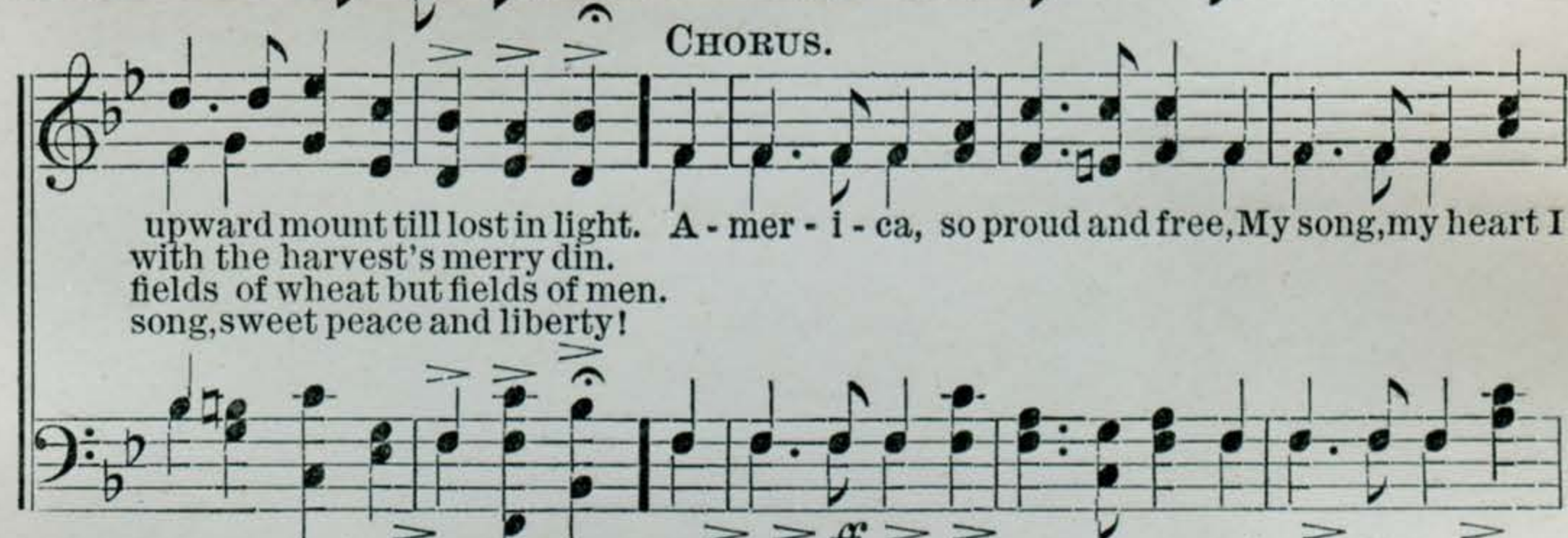
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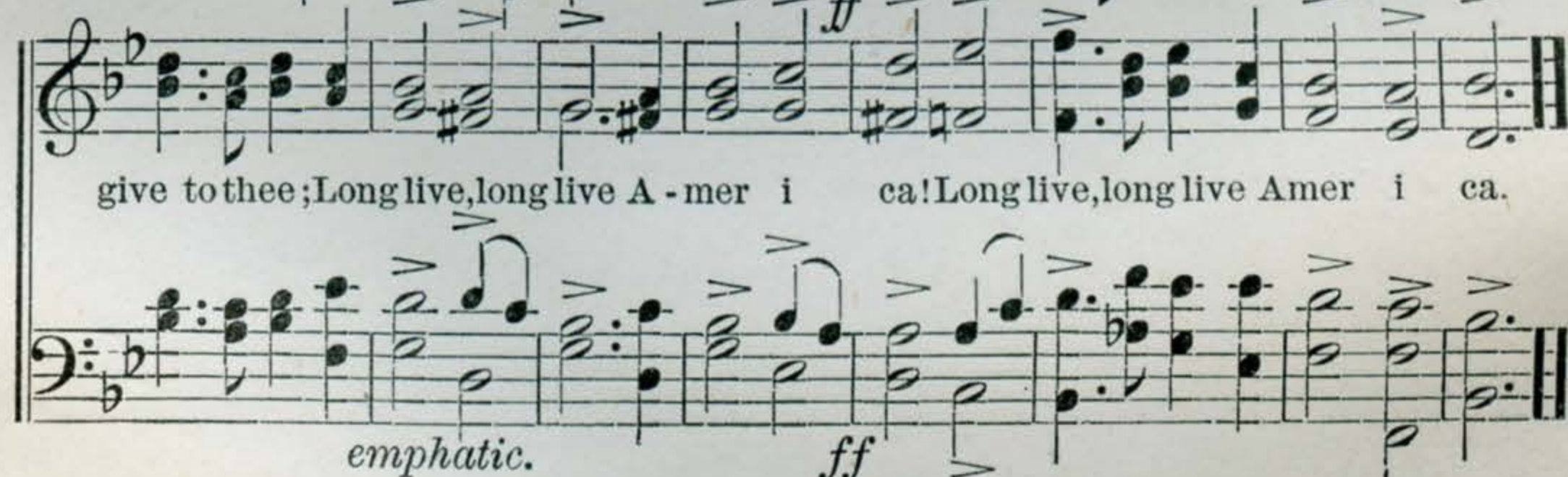
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 reaped thy flashing sickle then, Not fields of wheat but fields of men, Not  
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CHORUS.  
 upward mount till lost in light. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I  
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give to thee; Long live, long live A - mer i ca! Long live, long live Amer i ca.  
*emphatic.* *ff*

- 5 For gladness floats on ev'ry breeze,  
 From city streets, from forest trees;  
 And when rings out toil's bell at noon,  
 Thy heart with joy is all in tune;  
 It thrills thine ev'ry vital chord,  
 For labor here has sure reward.
- 6 From land on land, whate'er their birth,  
 Men flock to thee o'er all the earth;  
 With ev'ry breeze, on ev'ry wave,  
 They winds confront, they tempests brave;  
 No perils do their hearts appall,  
 For thou art mother to them all.

- 7 Thou art the youngest sister yet;  
 To older nations vast thy debt;  
 Art come to empire, grand and great,  
 Art heiress of Time's last estate;  
 For thee, the martyrs have turned pale,  
 And heroes have been hacked in mail.
- 8 America, so proud and free,  
 I give my song, my heart to thee!  
 Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly  
 In every clime, 'neath every sky;  
 Still rise a yeoman race, to stand  
 For God and home, and native land!



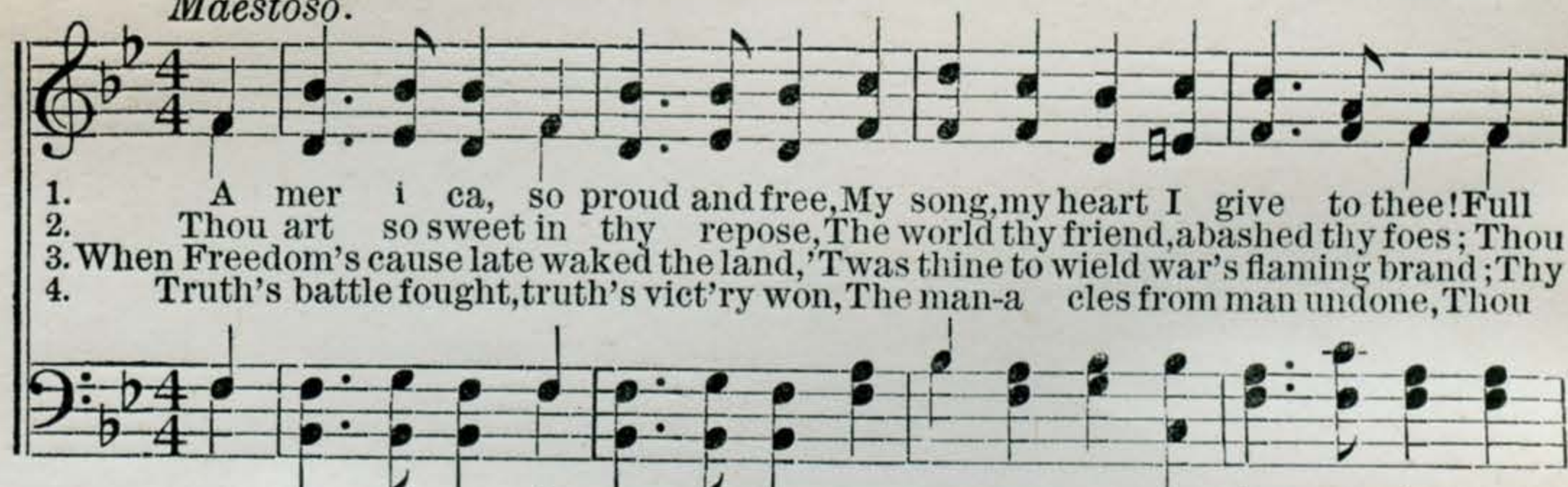
# Long Live, Long Live America!

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Dedicated to the Nation's Defenders.

W. H. PONTIUS.

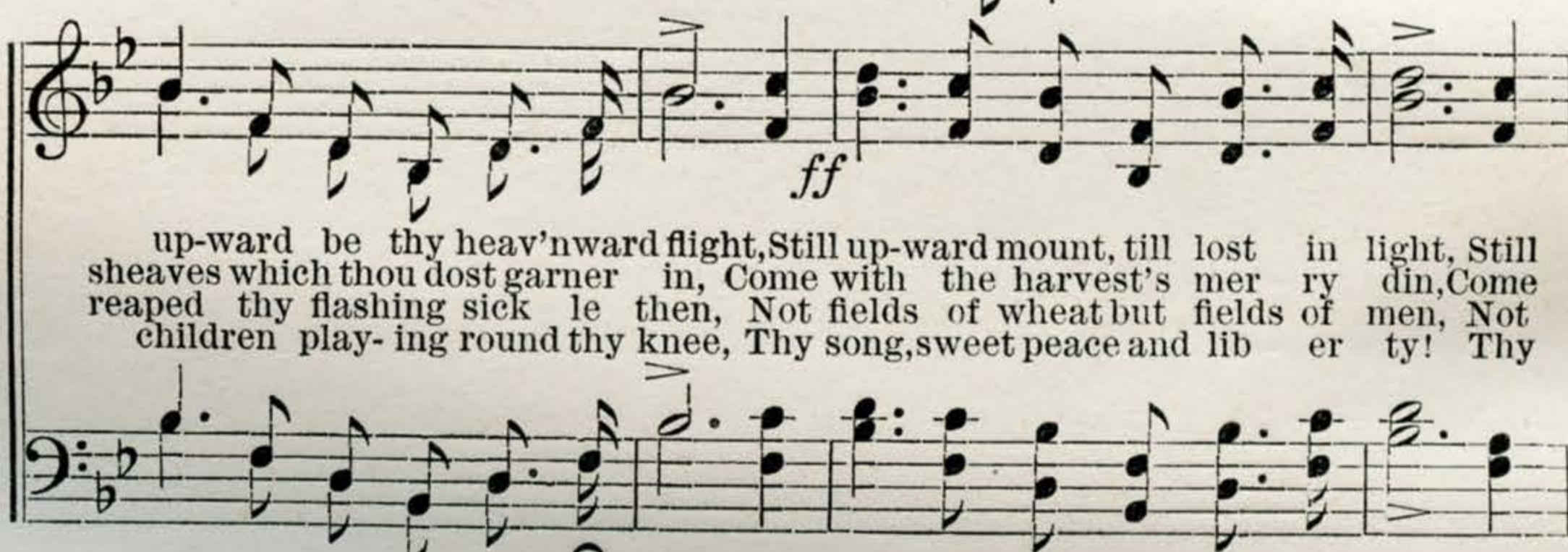
*Maestoso.*



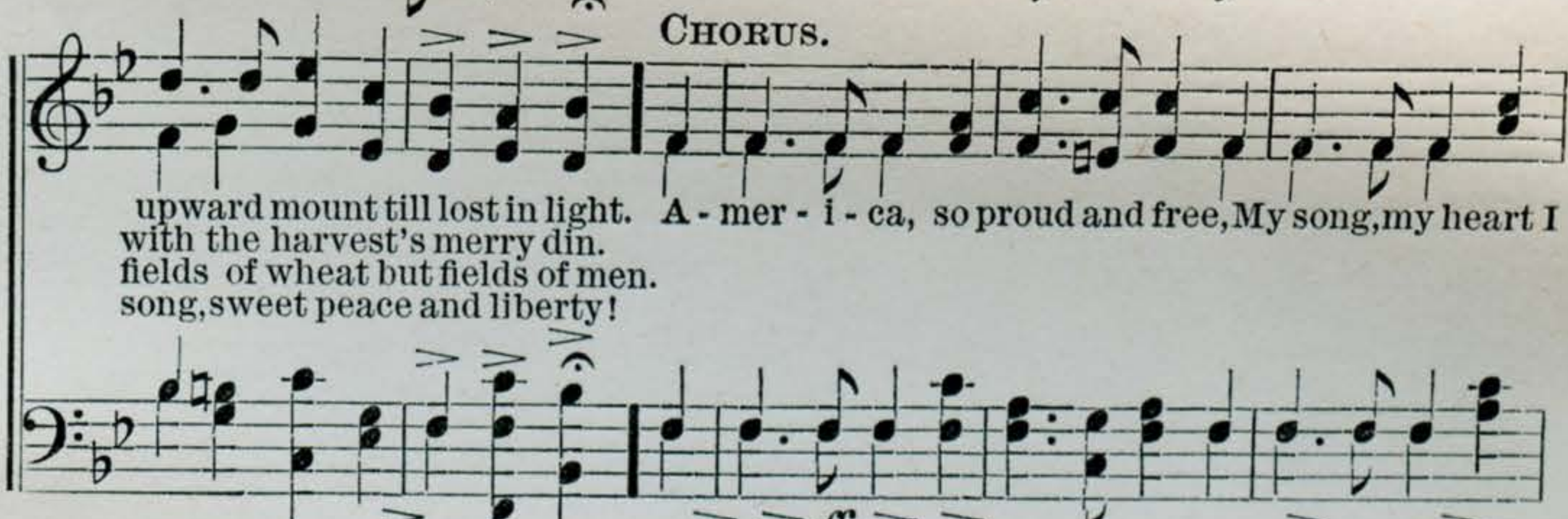
1. A mer i ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I give to thee! Full  
 2. Thou art so sweet in thy repose, The world thy friend, abashed thy foes; Thou  
 3. When Freedom's cause late waked the land, 'Twas thine to wield war's flaming brand; Thy  
 4. Truth's battle fought, truth's vict'ry won, The man-a cles from man undone, Thou



high thy brave, strong wing has won, Thine ea gle eye is on the sun; Still  
 seek est not the bat tle-plain, Thy fields wave with the gold en grain; The  
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